The Ypsilanti Sentinel-Commercial

Normal College News

ESTABLISHED 1846. YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, AUGUST 1, 1901. 2781

FASHIONABLE HABERDASHERY

FOR TOWN OR COUNTRY, MOUNTAINS OR SEASHORE

Swell Neckwear, in every correct shape, from the diminutive Butterfly to the generous Golf or Riding Stock, including, of course, the long narrow Derby, which has proved to be the most popular shape this season, and the Bat Wing in an enormous variety of imported and domestic silks in beautiful patterns and colorings; also a splendid line of Wash Ties, **25c, 50c, 75c** and up.

Collars in every correct shape, of standard makes **15c**, 2 for **25c**.

Negligee Shirts in an enormous variety of the swellest patterns for business or outing, **50c, 75c, $1.00** and **$1.50.**

Hosiery. Fast blacks and handsome new fancy designs **25c, 50c** and **75c.**

Underwear. A splendid line of French and American Balbriggan, English and American Light-Weight Merino Shirts and Drawers

Men's Summer Suits, composed of Coats and Trousers, for outing or business made up in swell Flannels, Crashes and Tropical Worsteds, **$5.00** to **$10.00.**

LIGHT WEIGHT WOOLEN AND WORSTED SUITS,

$10.00, $12.00, $15.00 and $18.00

and each price means a saving of money for the purchaser. The Fashionable Clothing made by

MICHAELS, STERN & CO.,

of Rochester, always gives perfect satisfaction to the wearer.

SULLIVAN-COOK CO.

GREAT MIDSUMMER Sale of Baskets

Just arrived large assortment of French and German Baskets, all hand-made, they are bargains. Come early and get first choice, we have all kinds. Call and look them over. Largest line ever shown in city from

5c UP

5 and 10c Store

125 CONGRESS ST. YPSILANTI

KEEP COOL!

This hot weather, it will make you happier, and prolong life.

WATER MELONS. We keep them on ice all the time. We will deliver them packed on ice, if wanted.

GINGER ALE. Finest goods; bottles hold 4 glasses. **15c** bottle, **$1.60** per doz. with **5c** rebate for the return of bottles.

Fresh, home-grown Cucumbers, Tomators and Corn.

FANCY GEORGIA Peaches and Plums.

OUR ICE CREAM trade is constantly growing. The result of pure goods and fair prices.

Try our baking department. This hot weather saves you work and money.

DAVIS & CO. Up-Town

HOPKINS & DAVIS Depot

LIES HELPLESS WITH SPLINTERED BONES AND A HOPELESS FUTURE

In a darkened room in an unpretentious house on Babbitt street, the head of the family, Harvey Ward, lies helpless, his right arm bound with blood-stained bandages and entirely without feeling, his once strong frame weak as that of a baby, and his mind tortured by the thoughts that never more will he again be the hale ,hearty man he was up to a single day ago, and that the struggle of life, never a trifling matter to him, will from now on to death have a grim and terrible aspect it never possessed in the darkest hours before.

Ward is an employe at the Webster, Cobb, Lumber Co., and yesterday, while assisting in shaping the flag pole for the fifth ward school house, a large splinter struck him on the right arm, shattering the bone from shoulder to collar so that Drs. Oliver and Hull, who were called to the case, found it necessary to remove completely four inches of the bone. The chances are that it will be necessary to amputate the arm at the elbow, but if everything goes exceptionally well, Ward will still have the semblance of an arm and hand, but a member devoid of nerve power, and of no use in the exercise of his trade. How in this crippled condition he is to provide for his wife and two little ones is working on the mind of the sufferer vastly more than the throbbing nerves beneath the blood-stained bandages, and is in large measure responsible for the look of suffering in his eyes.

Whether justly or not the injured man is inclined to lay much of the blame of the accident upon his employer, as he says the latter called from the shop four or five men who were assisting him in shaping the pole, which made it necessary for Ward to summon other helpers, one of whom, George Jackson, the contractor, was unused to the work and allowed a splinter to strike the saw, with the above terrible result for Ward. G. A. Webster, the senior member of the firm, was in the country last evening and could not be seen, so his version of the accident was not ascertainable.

Harry Ward is a sober, industrious man, but one of those unfortunates whom fate seems to have singled out for particular persecution, just as others are destined from birth for unremitted honors. Ward has never been able, as his neighbors expressed it, to "get on in the world," although he possesses no bad habits and is a good workman. With the thought of changing his luck he removed last year from Eaton Rapids, where he was employed in a flour mill, to Ypsilanti, to take a position with Webster, Cobb & Co., but he had been in the new place only a month or two when he was taken with typhoid fever, which for three months kept him on his bed.

Illness to any one means no work, and in the poor man's vocabulary no work is synonymous with debts, which proved the case with Ward. On resuming work at the mill after the typhoid germs had been driven from his system and his strength had been restored, he found hanging over him a weighty burden of unpaid bills. The poor man knows economy as he knows his alphabet, so Ward buckled to his task with the sullen determination so often a lodger in the heart of the man who works with his hands, and with a twenty-dollar bill paid out last Saturday had the sum reduced to such moderate proportions that two or three months more bid fair to see the family name free from all obligations.

For a reason which cannot be given on this earth any more than one can explain why Ward was brought into the world a poor man and his neighbor made the inheritor of a fortune, fate intervened yesterday, and in one instant undid the work of months and loaded its victim with a cruel handicap for the recommencing of the task.

The family will be put to such distress financially before the provider can resume his office with any hopes of success, that neighbors requested the reporters to announce that Ward wishes to sell his horse and road cart and will dispose of them at a very low figure.

DID KILPATRICK SPEAK TO HER?

Young Says He Has Violated the Injunction

THE MEN FOUGHT

And Each Has Sworn Out a Warrant For the Other

The celebrated Young's perpetual injunction case, in which Foster Kilpatrick of this city was restrained forever and a day from speaking to Mrs. Charles Young, also of Ypsilanti, or in any way directly or indirectly communicating with her, is about to make its bow before the public a second time, as Young claims to have proof that Kilpatrick disregarded the awful prohibition to the extent of holding a conversation with Mrs. Young on the street a few days ago. Kilpatrick denies any such tempting of the fates, but Young claims to have two witnesses who will swear to the time and place, and he says he will bring his enemy to look for alleged violation of the injunction.

Kilpatrick is considerably larger than Young, but the latter has nerve, and has never hesitated to enter into a tongue-lashing contest whenever opportunity afforded, taking chances on Kilpatrick's disinclination for fighting. Yesterday morning, however, the end of such a lovely warfare was not as Young anticipated, for Kilpatrick waded in and inflicted upon his antagonist a beautifully discolored right eye and a badly swollen nose,which beauty marks will remain in all their conspicuousness for several days.

Kilpatrick was driving one of Webster Cobb & Co.'s lumber wagons yesterday morning about 10 o'clock, and at the corner of Congress and River streets he perceived Young on the walk talking with some woman. Young saw him coming and at once made certain remarks to which Kilpatrick took exception so strongly that he leaped from the wagon, strode up to the group in the walk and proceeded to put it all over Young in true squared circle style.

Young swore out a warrant yesterday for Kilpatrick's arrest for assault and battery, and last evening Kilpatrick caused a warrant to be issued on Young, charging him with using profane language in the presence of women.

Kilpatrick's examination comes off before Justice Monday, but the date of Young's appearance has not yet been determined.

CALLED ATTENTION TO THE ORDINANCE

"Just wait until I answer the telephone, boys," said Justice Joslyn, at the close of the Westfall assault and battery suit, last evening, as the telephone in the adjoining room sounded its shrill alarm, "for I've got a little something I want to tell you before I send you all home."

The dozen or twenty youngsters who took up the greater part of the space in the court room grinned shamefacedly at one another, as if they had an inkling of what was coming, and then as the justice resumed his seat after telling his friend over the wire to "come around next morning and we'll look it up," they hastily assumed a combined air of injured innocence and elaborate nonchalance, and composed themselves to listen.

The justice put on his most sternly judicial air and then launched out upon a paternal talk to his juvenile audience upon the sin of violating the city ordinance prohibiting bathing in the river between 6 a. m. and 8 p. m. inside the city limits, as a large crowd of youthful Ypsilantians have been doing of late weeks, by swimming in the rear of certain of the River street residences between Congress and Cross strets. The lads have rigged up a dock, a spring board and a wire across the river, and here from morning to night they may be found by the score, disporting in the river like so many porpoises, notwithstanding the fact that they are violating an ordinance and greatly annoying the citizens who live along the river at this point. The lecture was received in silence, and at its conclusion the boys filed from the room without a word, mightily impressed by the mysterious power of the law and the weighty dignity and authority of those who are its exponents.

The assault and battery case which had attracted the boys to the court room as witnesses or spectators concerned one George Westfall, an 18-year-old boy, who had accidentally hit one Albert Scott, about the same age, with a stone in the course of a long-range battle with some younger lads near the swimming hole. Justice Joslyn decided that the prisoner could not be held for assault, as it was shown that he was not throwing at Scott, but some other bos.

EPWORTH LEAGUE ASSEMBLY.

Ludington, July 25 to Aug. 30.

For the above occasion the Michigan Central will sell tickets to Ludington and return at a single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be on sale July 25 to Aug. 3; good returning to Aug. 30. Children under twelve, half rate.

80 B. M. DAMON, Agent.

THE LONGEST POLE KNOCKS THE PERSIMMONS

But the Longest Ad does not always catch the Busy Buyer

A SHORT AD.
Wirh a Short Price,
A Good Name Behind It,
And the Truth in It,
THAT KNOCKS THE PERSIMMON

Advance Sale of WALKING SKIRTS

We have just received Twenty-five Fine Elegant Walking Skirts.

They are made from a very heavy Vicuna Cloth that is strictly all wool. They are seven gore flare skirts and lapped seams, double stitched and bound. They come in Dark Oxford Gray, Medium Gray, and Brown. A very full, nicely made, up-to-date skirt and would ordinarily sell at $7.50. For this advance sale we have marked them at the very low price of..... **$4.98**

DAVIS & KISHLAR

2 WEEKS Of EXTRA GOOD TIMES

For the purchasers of Wall Paper who come to FRANK SMITH & SON'S. Special Bargain price placed on.....

10,000 ROLLS of NEW PAPERS

It will pay you to anticipate your wants in these goods. Good workmen furnished if you want. Remember also that the best ICE CREAM and SODA WATER in America can be found at Frank Smith & Son's. And that the greatest care and fair prices will be found in the prescription department.

Frank Smith & Son

1881 1901

20 Years at the White Front

A. A. GRAVES

— DEALER IN —

CHOICE GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

GOOD GOODS A SPECIALTY. 105 Congress Street.

MID-SUMMER Economy Sale

GREAT VALUES BRISK BUSINESS

Sale Is Now Going On.

Summer Lawns, sale price yd..... 3½c
12 yards of good White Outing for..... 50c
Best Quality Table Oil Cloths yd..... 12c
Yard wide Unbleached Cotton, big value..... 4½c
Standard Silver Grey Prints yd..... 4c
See the bargains in Notions at 1c, 2c, 3c, 4c, 5c, 6c, 8c and 10c

If you have not seen one of the big sale circulars filled with special prices and bargain facts, call at the store and secure one.

CASH DRY GOODS NOTIONS **BERT H. COMSTOCK,** 128 CONGRESS STREET

FRED EVERETT HAD EXCITING TIMES

DURING HIS FOUR MONTHS TRIP IN THE WEST

Thrilling Escape on the North Platte River—Trip Cost Him Only $15

Fred Everett, the twenty-one-year-old son of Willis H. Everett, a well-known insurance man of this city, has returned from a four months' roughing it trip in the South and West, in which he experienced more exciting adventures than fall to the ordinary lot in an entire lifetime.

On the North Platte River, Wyoming, occurred the most thrilling event of the trip, which is related by Everett as follows:

"A young fellow from Detroit named Richard Murray, a Westerner and myself were laid off from work on the banks of the North Platte, Wyoming, town, by the foreman of a railroad gang under whom we had been guiding floating ties down the river, and as floating down the swift current seemed pleasanter than "hiking" thirty miles over a sage brush plain, we made a raft of ties fastened together with wire and pushed out upon the Platte.

"The river is almighty swift and we had not been going very long when an eddy jammed the raft against the bank so hard that Murray went over into the water, and the Westerner and myself were thrown on our faces on the ties.

"Murray yelled, 'Help, fellows, it's too swift to swim,' but by the time we could get to our feet to grab hold of the bushes which grew on the bank, a counter eddy had whirled the raft back to the middle of the stream and we were powerless to get it back.

"Murray didn't say anything after that first shout, but we could see him fighting with the choppy waves of the current, and finally catch hold of one of the bushes which hung over the bank. The bushes weren't any too stout and the water was almighty swift, so it was about even money whether Murray's strength and the bush would both hold out, or whether one or the other would give way and he be dropped back into the water and sure death. We did our best to encourage him, but we were carried down stream so rapidly that a bend shut him from sight before he had changed his position, so I have no idea how he managed it, as I have not seen him or heard of him since.

"Just before the raft turned the bend, we hollered 'Good-by' to him, and he turned for a second and called struggle harder than ever with the water. He was a fine fellow and I have wondered a good many times what became of him, and have wished I knew the address of his parents or friends in Detroit so I could go and see them."

Everett knows all about the strength of the Platte current, as it was not long after Murray's accident that he passed through a similar experience himself. The low sage brush banks were shortly succeeded by cliffs a hundred feet or so high, which rose straight from the water's edge, and before the voyager had ceased wondering at this striking manifestation of nature's power, the raft ran full tilt upon a log which projected a few feet above the surface of the water squarely in the middle of the current.

"Before I realized what had happened," says Everett, "I had come to the surface half strangled with the water I had swallowed in my plunge, and was being carried rapidly down stream. I could see nothing of the raft below, so turned around, and there it was a hundred yards or more above me, still jammed against the log and I could just see my partner's head rising above the edge, as if he were lying down clinging to the wires. I tried my very best to swim back, but to save my soul I could only keep even, for the water came pouring down that narrow cut as if through a mill race. There was no place to land, for the rocks rose straight from the water, and I had no idea how many miles it would be before the banks would be level or how many rapids or submerged rocks or logs there would be, so I thought sure I was a goner. I thought so, and I would have been, too, but just as I was getting so tired I could hardly make my arms go, the raft tilted to one side and then slipped from behind the log and came tearing down the river. There was my only chance, so I got just about where I thought the raft would come along, and made ready to grab it. The chances were pretty slim in that swift current, but I was lucky enough to catch hold of one of the wires which fastened the ties together, and then with the help of the Westerner I managed to crawl up on the ties. It certainly seemed good to be on that raft again, but when I realized that I was safe all my strength left me and for half an hour I was as weak as a kitten."

After some time the cliffs gave place to low banks again, but although there was apparently clear sailing the pair had become as thoroughly acquainted with the North Platte as they desired, so they embraced the first opportunity to land and strike across the plains, although this necessitated a twenty-five mile walk before a town could be reached.

Everett went from Ypsilanti to Chicago, and then into Texas, where he found work which he intended should be permanent, but the country did not prove to his liking, so one night he took the "blind baggage" for Oklahoma Territory. At Oklahoma City he found employment in a railroad freight office, but the "boomers" who are encamped around Oklahoma City made the city so unpleasant with their wild carousals and also by consuming the provisions almost faster than they could be cooked or brought into the place, that after he had laid by a comfortable sum of money he went up into Wyoming.

The "boomers," he says, are for the most part a rough lot who care very little for human life, as fist and gun fights are a nightly occurrence and deaths as the result are no rare happening. The "boomers" live in tents or huts about the city and the majority are miserably poor, with not enough to eat or wear, but all seem to have plenty of whisky. Two rough looking characters, presumably boomers, broke into a car of beer bottles one night, and it was Everett's pleasure to compel them at the point of a revolver to return their plunder, stack the stolen bottles carefully back where they had originally been and make themselves "scarce" up the track.

The young man passed through a number of other interesting experiences, such as waking up one night in Wyoming and finding a big mountain lion standing over himself ad partner, going through the mining regions of the West, but only on the Platte did he consider himself in danger of losing his life.

The trip has agreed with him and cost him but $15 of the $50 he took from home, so he has concluded to make a similar expedition next spring.

Fred Everett was a member of the high school graduating class of '00, and is well known among the young men of the city.

WHAT A TALE IT TELLS.

If that mirror of yours shows a wretched, sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin, it's liver trouble; but Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the liver, purify the blood, give clear skin, rosy cheeks, rich complexion. Only 25c at C. W. Rogers & Co.'s and Morford & Smith's drug stroes.

SHOULD INVESTGATE RIVERSIDE PARK

"Why doesn't the council do something about the Riverside Park?" was the question put to one of the Aldermen last evening; and after the fashion of the feminine sex he replied with another question—"What is there for us to do?"

"You see, it's like this," he continued, "the Mayor appointed a committee of citizens to look after this matter so the council is naturally waiting for them to make a move. If the committee will get together and then come to the council with a recommendation, the Aldermen will have something to work on. As it is, we hardly feel like pushing the thing until the citizens make a move, as the park will involve the expenditure of more money than the council cares to be responsible for unless they are backed by the taxpayers."

"Do you think the Aldermen are favorable to the project?" was asked.

"Well, I would hardly like to answer for all," he replied, "but I myself am very anxious to see it carried through. It would be a great thing for the city in more ways than one."

It seems to be up to the citizens' committee to settle the fate of the park, either by failing to respond, or by bringing up the matter before the council, thus giving the Aldermen a chance to thoroughly investigate in regard to cost and the possibilities of the site.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

CHANGES AT THE OCCIDENTAL

Changes are making at the Occidental which will greatly improve the conveniences of that hotel. The office has been changed from the small room at the north end, where it has been for some time, back into the office proper. The regular ladies' entrance has again been opened with a parlor at the left. This arrangement leaves the way to the ladies' bath apartments free and will avoid the necessity of their having to pass through the office.

The large room now occupied for an office is the room made for the purpose and is properly located and roomy. The changes making will greatly improve the public part of the hotel.

Only 50 Cents

to make your baby strong and well. A fifty cent bottle of

Scott's Emulsion

will change a sickly baby to a plump, romping child. Only one cent a day, think of it. Its as nice as cream.

Send for a free sample, and try it.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

CANDY CATHARTIC 434

Cascarets

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

10c. 25c. 50c. All Druggists.

Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk.
Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

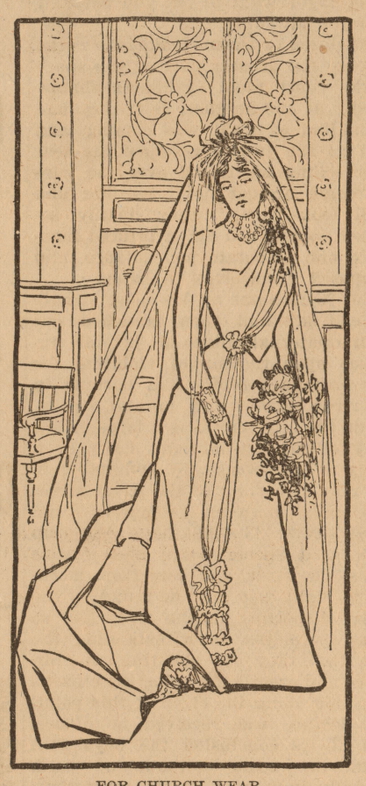
Fashions For Brides

WHEN roses bloom right outdoors in the garden, then is the time for brides—that is to say, for the plain, everyday brides without any nonsense, for there are what one may call hothouse brides who would not care to be married at all unless they could have orchids and imported orange blossoms and nightingales' tongues for the wedding breakfast. And with this kind of a bride there must be a veil so old that it is ready to fall to pieces, and this must have belonged to the family for many generations, and probably it has done service, but in what particular family deponent saith not. There are so much humbug and hypocrisy in this poor old world!

Anyhow, sweet a bride is because of her utter trust and her hopes and belief. We all have for her a kind of sympathy, and any bride holds court like a newly crowned queen. We all wish that her reign may be long and peaceful. Well, here is one of them, and she is dressed in the prettiest of gowns and looks as sweet as the bride always should. The dress is of the new lansdowne in a creamy white, the real and not the sleazy imitation which really makes more elegant dresses than any silk save the very heaviest of peau de soie. The skirt is lined with white taffeta to give it the requisite fullness in the draping.

It is made with a demitrain and is smooth and plain in front and has the back laid in two double box plaits. The taffeta skirt lining has a full balayeuse of stiff net with ruffles of lierre lace each side and tacked to the net. The plain waist is pointed in front and back and is laced in the back. There is a drapery of white tulle across the waist, and this forms a small rosette and then falls to the bottom of the skirt, being shirred and gauffered at intervals. It is like a sash. The sleeves are plain, with a little silver galloon at the neck and wrists. A pretty bunch of orange blossoms fastens the tulle at the left shoulder, and another one is placed at the top of the head. From this the misty veil falls to the bottom of the dress. Tulle is prettier than the richest lace for this purpose, and it can be used afterward to make such dainty hats and all sorts of ties and things.

Frocks for bridesmaids depend much on the future use to which they are to be put. All that is required is that they should be of some bright, pretty color and in that way set the bride's dress off by contrast. If there are several, they should each have a different color and yet all be dainty and not overshadow the bride. All wed-



FOR CHURCH WEAR.

ding dresses, even for the most formal home weddings, are made high in the neck, and good taste suggests the same for the bridesmaids. There are so many dainty lace effects for the neck which, while covering it, still give as dressy and formal effect as one could desire at any wedding.

The bride wears two button gloves and white kid slippers, and all her lingerie is white and as lavishly trimmed with lace as her means will allow. But somewhere hidden away there must be a knot of blue ribbon, and she must wear a borrowed garter, which, to insure real happiness, should be yellow. Those who believe in the "evil eye" or evil influences are to have a clove of garlic secreted somewhere, and nothing can harm. This clove of garlic must not be peeled, but just broken loose carefully from the parent bunch. If it should get broken or by any mischance peeled—well, its evil influence would manifest itself another way. It is considered strong enough to put all the evil influences to flight while unbroken, but I fancy the good ones would take flight, too, in the other case. Many more brides than we know of wear a clove of garlic.

HENRIETTE ROUSSEAU.

CHANCE TO SECURE BIG INDUSTRY

A letter has been received by one of Ypsilanti's prominent business men in reply to a letter written by him, from a large factory which has just burned out in Indiana, offering to come to Ypsilanti and locate for a bonus of $20,000. The letter contains a specific proposition and the concern is ready to come here immediately, put up buildings and go to work. These people will put up a bond or any other proper guarantee to erect here a factory 347x50 feet, and three stories high; to employ 100 men, the weekly pay roll for whom will amount to $800; to run a business which will amount to $200,000 a year. They will agree to make this building of brick and a substantial structure throughout. On account of the fire by which their present plant was destroyed they are ready to move at once.

Now, here seems to be an opportunity to secure an industry that will be of very great advantage to the city, giving it a boom and insuring a considerable growth. This letter has been placed in the hands of the Business Men's association and farther correspondence will be held with the concern.

If it be not withing the reach of the city to secure this industry, is not the matter worthy of investigation by Ypsilanti's people of means who are seeking investments for their money? Now, according to report, there is about $140,000 of Ypsilanti money invested in Cement City in the cement plant there. It is also said there is from $30,000 to $40,000 of Ypsilanti money in the cement plant at Coldwater. Now, why may not some of this good money be invested here at home? May it not be possible to discover some industry that will locate right here in our midst that will promise at least as good returns as the before mentioned industries in which the money of the people has been poured like water? It will only take an eighth of the money that Ypsilanti people have invested at Coldwater and Cement City to get a large industry to locate and at once. This industry, if located here will require 100 men and this will mean an addition to the city's population of 500 people. This would mean considerable increase of sales in every line of business in the city, and if money can be invested here at home with as good prospects of returns as our people have in the concerns in which they have invested their money outside, why is not that the thing to do? Ypsilanti capital ought to be willing to build up our own city by investing the money here, provided there is the opportunity of making as good dividends. Is it not worth while to take as much risk on some home industry as on an outside one?

The beauty thief has come to stay,
Unless you drive the pimples and blackheads away;
Do this; don't look like a fright;
Take Rocky Mountain Tea tonight.
Ask Morford & Smith.

WOULD BE WELL TO LOOK IT UP

It is reported that Mrs. Alice Uhl, of Grand Rapids, the owner of the Follett property on River street, remarked while in the city recently that she would be willing to give the house and lot to the city for a park, provided the city would agree to keep the property in repair.

The property includes a fine grove covering a small hill, and if improved it would make an ideal park.

The city authorities may well investigate the matter to learn if Mrs. Uhl is still so disposed.

It would be very fitting that this site be made a public park, as the original owner, the late Benjamin Follett, the brother of Mrs. Uhl, was one of the most progressive citizens that ever made Ypsilanti his home, and did perhaps more for the city than any other one man.

Don't Accept a Substitute!

When you ask for Cascarets be sure you get the genuine Cascarets Candy Cathartic! Don't accept fraudulent substitutes, imitations or counterfeits! Genuine tablets stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. All druggists, 10c.

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION, BUFFALO.

Beginning Tuesday, June 4th, and on each Tuesday thereafter, the Michigan Central will sell round trip excursion tickets for all regular trains leaving that day for Buffalo and return, at a rate of $5.65 during the exposition. These tickets will be good returning on Thursday following date of sale; not good in sleepers or on steamer lines.

Children between five and twelve half rate.

B. M. DAMON, Agent.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSION.

The Michigan Central will sell round trip excursion tickets on July 16, August 6 and 20, Sept. 3 and 17, good returning 21 days from date of sale, to points in the southwest, west and northwest at very low rates. Inquire at ticket office or by mail to

86 B. M. DAMON, Agent.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

THE CHOIR BOYS WON THE GAME

"Boyville" was located Friday afternoon on the Fair Grounds, for there was transpiring an event of huge moment to the juvenile mind, to wit: a baseball game between the Junior Stars, of Chelsea and the St. Luke's choir boys, so a fair proportion of the extreme youth of the city was present to give to the local nine the support of their shhrill young voices.

They didn't realize that they were aiding their friends nor did they understand that they were eligible to the honorable titles of "fans" and "rooters," but they were so desperately anxious for "our fellows" to win that their little voices spontaneously rose in a shrill chorus of triumph when a score or an advantageous play was made by the choir lads, and piped forth the most intense indignation whenever the umpire decided a question contrary to their liking.

The outcome of the game was as the fate of a nation for importance, but once during the afternoon an entirely foreign interest usurped the center of the stage for a few moments, to the utter obscuring of ball playing. Two lads, one colored and one white, and both about ten years old, became involved in a fistic argument, and the instant that the juveniles around about realized what was happening they leaped to their feet and formed a ring about the combatants, shouting encouragement at the top of their voices. The warriors broke from the crowd and raced to another portion of the grounds to decide the difficulty by themselves, but yelling like Comanches, the other lads followed, leaving the game to take its own gait. The pugilists soon wearied of their sport and returned to the diamond side, with the entire crowd whooping at their heels, but just at that moment an exciting play was in progress on the diamond, so the Comanche warriors squatted upon the ground in breathless silence, entirely forgetting the fighters.

The game was won by the choir boys by 15 to 8, after an exciting contest abounding with good playing on both sides. The Ypsilanti boys took the lead from the start, and at no stage of the game was there much doubt of the outcome, but the visitors fought gamely to the end. Chelsea won by 17 to 12 in a Fourth of July game at Chelsea, and the local lads were exceedingly anxious to win out yesterday, as a victory would make it necessary to play off the rubber.

The Ypsilanti team was as follows: Harvey Fairchild, pitcher; Charles Jewell, catcher; Joseph McCarty, shortstop; Edward Pierce, first base; Lloyd Davis, second base; Harry Bullard, third base; Will Terns, left field; Lewis Meyers, center field; Will Thompson, right field.

Inn'gs	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Choir Boys	2	0	4	1	1	1	3	3	*	—15
Chlesea	0	1	0	0	0	0	3	2	2	— 8

ASTONISHED THE EDITOR.

Editor S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., was once immensely surprised. "Through long suffering from Dyspepsia," he writes, "my wife was greatly run down. She had no strength or vigor and suffered great distress from her stomach, but she tried Electric Bitters, which helped her at once, and, after using four bottles, she is entirely well, can eat anything. It's a grand tonic, and its gentle laxative qualities are splendid for torpid liver." For Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Stomach and Liver troubles it's a positive, guaranteed cure. Only 50c at C. W. Rogers & Co.'s and Morford & Smith's.

Subscribers who pay one dollar in advance to the Sentinel-Commercial will be given a map of Michigan and the world worth a dollar.

LAKE ORION ASSEMBLY, ORION, AUGUST 1 TO 22.

A rate of one fare for the round trip is authorized for this meeting. Tickets on sale Aug. 1 to 10. Good returning until Sept. 10. Children under twelve, half rate.

91 B. M. DAMON, Agent.

In every town and village may be had the

Mica Axle Grease

that makes your horses glad.

Made by Standard Oil Co.

For the

"GRIP."

Mineral Baths.

They stop the grip.
As one does the after effects they cannot be beaten.

YPSILANTI SAVINGS BANK

Primroses.

Having a large lot on hand, which I do not wish to carry over, I offer my

Choice Primroses

At a reduction of one-fourth from regular value. Come and see them and you will buy.

C. F. KRZYSSKE,

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between Chicago and St. Louis.

Free Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman Buffet Parlor Cars, Pullman Buffet Open and Compartment Sleeping Cars. See that your ticket between Chicago and St. Louis **Reads via Illinois Central Railroad.**

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"Colorado" "California"

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Mention this paper

MIGHT AS WELL GET INTO LINE

And Go to Put-in-Bay With the Rest of Us

AUG. 14 IS THE DATE

List of the Merchants Who Have Agreed to Close Up on That Day

The advertising committee having in charge the arrangements for the citizens' holiday and excursion to Put-in-Bay, August 14, has issued a circular to customers and has asked all interested to give publicity to the following information:

1. That all the stores, meat markets, offices, barber shops, etc., will be closed all that day.

2. That an excursion to Put-in-Bay by the M. C. R. R. and Steamer Kirby is to be given, to which all are invited. Tickets for round trip—Adults 85 cents, children under twelve 45 cents.

3. That train leaves at 7 o'clock standard time, and returns at 10:15 p. m. standard time.

4. That we go from Detroit on the Kirby—one of the fastest boats.

5. That this will be the only excursion on board, although there may be other passengers from Detroit.

6. That tickets will be on sale at all the grocery and dry goods store on Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 10, 12 and 13, and at the depot on morning of 14th.

7. That every one can take their own luncheon, or they can get meals at Put-in-Bay.

8. That we will have Finney's Band on the boat and music on the island; also that we expect a ball game on the grounds.

9. That the merchants of Ypsilanti hope to make this an annual holiday for the citizens, merchants and clerks, and that hearty co-operation of all will insure its perpetuation.

The following business people have signed a paper agreeing to close their places of business on Wednesday, Aug. 14, for the whole day, so that they themselves and their employes may have a day for rest and recreation:

Stumpenhusen & Seymour, C. King & Co., L. Kremer, Davis & Co., Hopkins & Davis, McPherson & House, W. E. Scott, Dunlap & George, Geo. W. Hayes, J. P. Burkheiser, Ferguson & Snyder, G. H. Densmore, C. F. Enders, A. A. Graves, F. H. Henry, Bert H. Comstock, Davis & Kishlar, Beall & Comstock, Trim & McGregor, W. H. Sweet & Son, F. K. Rexford & Sons, C. S. Wortley & Co., Sullivan, Cook & Co., O. A. Answorth & Co., Stewart & Moore, D. A. Hammond, Boatrght & Son, Horner Bros., A. A. Bedell, Joseph King, P. C. Sherwood & Son, Frank Smith, Weinmann & Matthews, R. H. Kilian, Morford & Smith, Duane Spalsbury, E. R. Beal, C. W. Rogers & Co., John Kuster, F. C. Banghart, P. G. Voight, Ed. Rogers, Billy Dusbiber, H. Fairchild, C. S. Smith, C. M. Fairchild & Co., O. E. Thompson & Sons, Harding & Shafer, F. I. Carpenter, T. S. Whitford & Co., Eva A. Geise, M. & E. Simpson, Mrs. N. T. Bacon, Mrs. Curtis, J. E. Moore & Co., E. E. Ensign, Wallace & Clarke, Mack & Mack, W. H. Hall, G. F. Schafer, A. V. Reeves, Joseph Grieve, Davis & Co., Nichols & Panek, Clark & Gass, W. Bussey, W. W. Worden, Sol. Berman, Hubbard & Moorman, Miss E. D. Williams, Frank Showerman, E. N. Colby, R. H. Brabb, S. H. Dodge & Son, P. Cranston, L. Raymond, Kensch & Shepherd, Chas. Seeger, E. J. Ambrose, Martin Dawson, Sumner Howe, Geo. M. Gaudy, J. D. Cook, A. F. Burbank, Garret Smith, J. L. Hixon, Chas. E. Samson & Son, Wm. Mallion & Son, E. B. Dolson, J. Brichetto, D. Pastrino, C. D. O'Connor, Ypsilanti Dress Stay Co., Scharf Tag, Label & Box Co., Hay & Todd Manufacturing Co., Wm. Osband, J. George Zwergel.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease,and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

CORN GROWING IN THE STREET

A CURIOSITY IN FRONT OF A BUSINESS PLACE

But as it is Only a Freak it is No Indication That Ypsi is Quiet

The Detroit Journal Friday printed a picture of a stalk of corn which has been growing in front of the LeFurge hardware store, on Huron street, with the following dialogue:

"How long has this been growing here?" asked one of a group of Ypsilanti business men who were standing in front of a store on the main business street yesterday, intently regarding some object which seemed to have its habitat near the curbstone.

"Three weeks, I guess," replied the proprietor of the business house in question, who was acting as cicerone for the onlookers. "Isn't it a beauty? Two and one-half feet high if it is an inch. I guess there are not many cities that can boast corn of this hight growing in their main streets," and the speaker leaned over and stroked the glossy leaves of the sturdy cornstalk, which for the past few weeks has been thriftily growing next the curb in front of the Le Furge hardware store on Huron street.

Like all college towns Ypsilanti is very quiet during the summer vacation, but never before has it been possible to say that corn grows in its principal street.

There is a narrow space between the sidewalk and the curbing at this portion of the west side of Huron street, and here several kernels of field corn have taken root, and have sent up into the light, long green stalks.

TO SAVE HER CHILD

From frightful disfigurement Mrs. Nannie Galleger, of La Grange, Ga., applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve to great sores on her head and face, and writes its quick cure exceeded all her hopes. It works wonders in Sores, Bruises, Skin Eruptions, Cuts, Burns, Scalds and Piles. 25c. Cure guaranteed by C. W. Rogers & Co. and Morford & Smith, druggists.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

A HERO OF THE BORDER

Incidents In the Life of Wild Bill, Marshal Of Abilene

Bill McKandlas and nine companions drew rein before the bars of the Overland Stage company's horse corral on the California trail a few miles north of Manhattan, Kan., one morning 40 years ago. A tall, slender young man stepped to the door of the dugout, a few yards away, with a gun in his hand. He called out that he would shoot the first man who took down a bar. The ten men tied their horses to the corral and prepared to exterminate the young watchman, whose duty it

BEAT TEN MEN IN FAIR FIGHT.

was to guard the property of the company. The robbers secured a log and proceeded to batter down the door of the dugout into which the watchman had retired.

Jim McKandlas, with a revolver, a bowie knife, a whoop and a yell, leaped across the threshold and into eternity. As the others rushed through the door the man inside fired three shots with that accuracy of aim for which he was so much admired in the years that were to come. The six somewhat startled horse thieves who remained alive swarmed across the dugout floor and piled upon the young station keeper with revolvers and bowie knives. One beat him over the head with a gun, and Bill McKandlas struck with a bowie knife, only to bury it in the table, and, with a bullet in his heart, to suddenly terminate a career which had furnished an infinite variety of interest for the sheriffs and vigilants of several counties. The rusty stove fell from its insecure foundation across the surging combatants, mixed in inextricable and sanguinary confusion. Outside a horse broke his hitching strap and galloped away. The little table broke down beneath the weight of a thousand pounds of shooting, stabbing, swearing frontiersmen. The fattest bandit rolled toward the door and, catching a glimpse of the brown prairies outside, which looked good to him, suddenly reached the conclusion that he did not really need any stage company horses in his business and bolted.

By this time the affair had ceased to have for the other four horse fanciers that enticing interest which had drawn them into it. As he afterward expressed it, the young man in charge of the stage station had "gone wild." Covered with wounds and freckled with bullet holes, he had lost every thought and instinct except the lust of death and victory. As they fought he struck the sixth man in the throat with the bowie, and the man fell across the little pile of blankets. The three who were now on their feet retreated through the door and toward their horses, their host staggering after them with the gleam of battle still in his blue eye.

That morning his associate in the company's service had gone hunting, to return on the run barely in time to witness the close of the tragedy. Doc Mills, the associate, had lost a golden opportunity. While he was out shooting quail fame had knocked at the dugout door, handed a laurel to James Butler Hickok and passed on. Hickok wrested the gun from Mills' hand and killed another of his fleeing foes before they were 50 yards away. One, badly wounded, sped down the little creek, found his way to Manhattan and died within two days. The ninth, more fortunate, mounted a horse and followed the fat deserter across the prairie. He had beaten ten men in a fair fight.

In 1869 Wild Bill became sheriff and city marshal of Hays City, Kan., and turned his attention to the preservation of the peace. Shortly after this Joseph McCoy, who was then mayor of Abilene, sent for Hickok, who became marshal of the town at the salary of $175 per month. Abilene was then considered the wickedest town on earth.

In September, 1871, the people of Dickinson county had reached the conclusion that theirs was a farming county and proceeded to emphasize this opinion by holding an old fashioned county fair at Abilene. Six hundred thousand longhorns had come up from Texas that year, but their owners took the hint, and it was understood that there would be no room for their stock on the prairies of that county next season. Abilene was to be their stamping ground no more. It was in order to celebrate the occasion in the old time way, and it was generally understood that the ceremonies of the evening were to be concluded by killing Wild Bill and metaphorically taking his scalp back to Texas. It has been said that lots were drawn to determine who should have the dangerous honor and that Philip Coe got the short straw. Six feet and some inches high, extensive of girth, commanding in appearance, Coe was a gambler by profession and a rough, overbearing jollier.

As the sun went down Pat McGonigal and his brother tied their bronchos in front of the Drovers' Cottage, strolled down Texas street and met their friends, and the fun began.

The crowd increased, and the liquor and excitement spread. The cowboys were giving Abilene her last Roman holiday. The crack of an occasional pistol accentuated the interest. By 10 o'clock at night the mob surged from one end of Texas street to the other in reckless abandon. Everybody that claimed to be civilized hunted cover. Marshal Hickok and Policeman Williams were watching at the Novelty, where generally there was the most friction.

It was about this time that big Phil Coe, keeping faith with his comrades, but with no eager avidity, leisurely walked up in front of the Alamo, then packed with excited men, and fired his pistol at a dog, as he claimed. Wild Bill told Williams to stay at the Novelty, ran across to the rear door and sprang into the crowded Alamo, roughly inquiring as to who was doing this shooting. In terse and vigorous language he talked to Dunbar of the Alamo, roundly denouncing the whole business. He declared that the cowboys had promised him there should be no shooting if he allowed this one last round up.

Coe stood at the well curb outside as all this passed very quickly and in response to Bill's second inquiry said that he had fired the shot. Immediately he fired another, which grazed Wild Bill's side as he stood at the bar. With that wonderful swiftness which stood him in good stead so aften Bill threw two guns on Coe and shot him twice in the abdomen, exclaiming, "I've shot too low!" At the same instant he turned and fired twice at another man who came running down the dark sidewalk from the north and burst on the scene, shoving two pistols in front of him. Coe fired one more shot and fell across the well curb. A hundred guns clicked as Wild Bill fired his first shot, but before he had fired his fourth the room was cleared, and not one bad man was left to stand by Coe. The stranger, with two bullets within an inch of his heart, threw both hands in the air, dropped his pistols to the floor and pitched forward stone dead. It was Mike Williams, the deputy, a brave fellow, who, despite his chief's instructions to stay at the Novelty, could not keep away from the fight. Wild Bill cried out that he had killed his best friend, gathered the little man in his arms and, with eyes full of tears, laid him across a poker table.

Long years of combat had so little deadened his sensibilities that the next day I saw his face still, pinched and

KILLED HIS BEST FRIEND.

white as a sheet over this death of his friend, the last man he ever killed. But the fury that burned in his veins when he whipped the McKandlas gang sprang to life again at this accident, and he proceeded to hold the Texas men responsible. That night the desperate heroes of border strife hid in cellars and sunflower patches or on swift ponies found their way to their cattle camps. For they had broken up the fountains of the great deep of wrath of the descendant of the Covenanter and the Yankee, and the blue eyed son of the border had "gone wild" again. Hickok paused in his night's work to rout a clergyman out of bed for the wounded Texan, who died like a philosoper and a fighting man, as others of his kind had died at another Alamo a generation before.

They shipped Philip Coe's remains back to San Antonio. There was a hurried exit of cowboy, courtesan and gambler, and it was finally decided that Dickinson county was a farming community and Abilene a law abiding city forever.

DRAVE WOMEN.

If Your House Should Suddenly Take Fire, What Would You Do?

Constant drilling in company makes soldiers mechanically fearless. Training will do correspondingly as much for women and children as for men. Women are believed to be cowardly and excitable. They are not. When they have been trained by drill, they are both cool headed and heroic. They have proved it lately in several different parts of the country, even in the case of a house on fire and themselves in two instances surrounded by helpless children.

There was that great mission building fire in New York on the east side. Sunday school was in session. There were 3,000 pupils, gathered from the city's slums and poverty stricken tenements. The building was several stories high, and the primary pupils, 6 to 8 years old, were on the top floor.

Miss Stressler was the superintendent of this top floor room. A lesson was progressing when the janitor came in and whispered something to Miss Stressler. She smiled, looked at the children and rapped for attention. How were they to know what that smile hid?

"Children," said Miss Stressler, "we will play the fire drill."

She went to the piano and began the fire march—tumty-tum, tumty-tum. The young ones knew what to do. They left their seats in exactly the order in which they had been drilled, marched

THE FIRE MARCH.

in perfect step, part to the staircase, part to the fire escape outside the windows. Calmly, even merrily, the little ones went down, one detachment by the stairs, another by the fire escape. They were so perfectly trained that they hardly noticed the unusual feature of the march—that this time they met as they descended big, helmeted firemen running up the fire escapes with scaling ladders and with a line of hose over their shoulders. They did not know it, but the play was in earnest that time.

The great building with the 3,000 children had caught fire in the gymnasium lockers upon the top floor, the very floor where the primary pupils were at their lessons. In every other room the women teachers were as calm and brave as Miss Stressler. Each time the superintendent said:

"Let us play the fire drill."

The teacher played; the children marched out to safety, keeping time to the tone beats. That was all. But the brave teacher's heart must have been beating a quicker time than her music.

An incident almost identical occurred in another place, near the same time. Flames burst out in a children's hospital in the dead of night. Many of the little ones were ill, confined to their cots. But the ones that could walk about had also been trained in that invaluable fire drill. There was here no piano to lead the march, but the brave women nurses issued their commands like generals. The children were wakened and directed to march down stairs. They obeyed mechanically almost before they were awake. Those unable to walk were carried in the nurses' arms and at length every one of the 100 little waifs and invalids was safe in a building in another part of their grounds, while the flames ate up their tiny white cots in the house from which they had escaped.

Yet one more instance of how trained women—trained girls, this time—keep their heads on and are full of resources in danger.

One of the buildings of Bryn Mawr college, the only wooden one on the grounds, took fire at night. The girl students were awakened at once. Did they scream and drop over in a faint, as men novelists and reporters are so fond of representing? No; they did not. These fine, athletic Bryn Mawr students have a fire brigade, with captains and squads and hose and buckets and extinguishers, every mother's daughter of them having her own particular assignment and filling it. Within ten minutes from the time the bell sounded alarm that brigade of girl firemen was on hand with hose pipe and extinguishers, and very quickly the flames were out. Hail and welcome to the Bryn Mawr girls' fire brigade! Let the other women's colleges go and do likewise.

In country schoolhouses—yes, in every family in this land—that invaluable fire drill ought to be instituted. Mothers and women teachers, if the house should take fire, what would you do?

SUSAN PEPPER.

DON'T TOBACCO SPIT and SMOKE Your Lifeaway!

You can be cured of any form of tobacco using easily, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor by taking NO-TO-BAC, that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 500,000 cured. All druggists. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and advice FREE. Address STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago or New York. 437

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The Leading Specialists of America
20 Years In Detroit.
250,000 Cured.

WE CURE STRICTURE

Thousands of young and middle-aged men are troubled with this disease—many unconsciously. They may have a smarting sensation, small, twisting stream, sharp cutting pains at times, slight discharge, difficulty in commencing, weak organs, emissions, and all the symptoms of nervous debility—they have STRICTURE. Don't let doctors experiment on you, by cutting, stretching, or tearing you. This will not cure you, as it will return. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT absorbs the stricture tissue; hence removes the stricture permanently. It can never return. No pain, no suffering, no detention from business by our method. The sexual organs are strengthened. The nerves are invigorated, and the bliss of manhood returns.

WE CURE GLEET

Thousands of young and middle-aged men are having their sexual vigor and vitality continually sapped by this disease. They are frequently unconscious of the cause of these symptoms. General Weakness, Unnatural Discharges, Failing Manhood, Nervousness, Poor Memory, Irritability, at times Smarting Sensation, Sunken Eyes, with dark circles, Weak Back, General Depression, Lack of Ambition, Varicocele, Shrunken Parts, etc. GLEET and STRICTURE may be the cause. Don't consult family doctors, as they have no experience in these special diseases—don't allow Quacks to experiment on you. Consult Specialists, who have made a life study of Diseases of Men and Women. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure you. One thousand dollars for a case we accept for treatment and cannot cure. Terms moderate for a cure.

CURES GUARANTEED

We treat and cure: EMISSIONS, VARICOCELE, SYPHILIS, GLEET, STRICTURE, IMPOTENCY, SECRET DRAINS, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, KIDNEY and BLADDER Diseases. CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE. If unable to call, write for QUESTION BLANK for HOME TREATMENT.

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KENNEDY & KERGAN
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DETROIT, MICH.

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Take the genuine, original
ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA
Made only by Madison Medicine Co., Madison, Wis. It keeps you well. Our trade mark cut on each package. Price, 35 cents. Never sold in bulk. Accept no substitute. Ask your druggist.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're ill or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY

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STERLING REMEDY COMPANY, CHICAGO or NEW YORK.

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

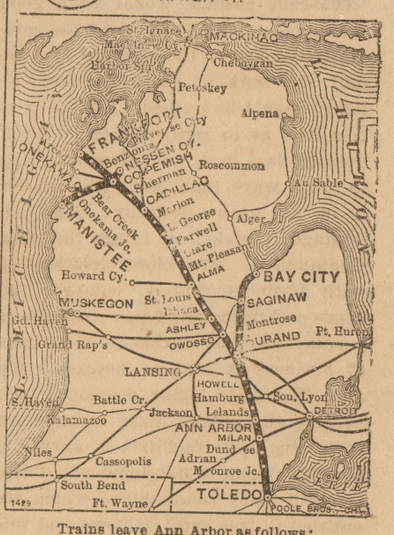
LAXAKOLA
THE GREAT TONIC LAXATIVE

At some time, if not habitually, you have sour stomach, indigestion, biliousness, constipation, bad breath, dizziness, inactive liver, heartburn, kidney troubles, backache, loss of appetite, insomnia, lack of energy, bad blood, blotched or muddy skin, or some of the other symptoms and disorders which tell the story of bad bowels and an impaired digestive system. Laxakola will cure you. It will clean out the bowels, stimulate the liver and kidneys, strengthen the mucous membranes of the stomach, purify your blood and put you "on your feet" again. Your appetite will return, your bowels will move regularly, your liver and kidneys will cease to trouble you, your skin will clear and freshen and you will feel the old time energy and buoyancy.

Mothers who had been seeking the proper medicine to give their little ones for constipation, diarrhea, colic and similar troubles, find Laxakola an ideal medicine for children. Children like its taste and ask for it. It keeps their bowels regular without any pain or griping, and acts as a general tonic at the same time. It will assist nature, aid digestion, relieve restlessness, clear the coated tongue, reduce fever, cause refreshing, restful sleep and make them well, happy and hearty.

Laxakola, the great laxative tonic, is not only most the efficient of family remedies, but the most economical, because it combines two medicines, viz: laxative and tonic, and at one price. No other remedy gives so much for the money. At druggists, 25c. and 50c., or send for free sample to THE LAXAKOLA CO., 132 Nassau Street, N. Y., or 356 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

TOLEDO ANN ARBOR AND NORTH MICHIGAN RAILWAY.



Trains leave Ann Arbor as follows:

NORTHBOUND		SOUTHBOUND.	
8 43 am	*12 15 pm	*7 30 am	8 40 pm
	4 30 pm	11 25 am	

* Between Toledo and Ann Arbor only.
All trains daily except Sunday.

W. H. BENNETT, G. P. A., Toledo, O.
E. S. GILMORE, Agent, Ann Arbor.

L. S. & M. S. R. R.

YPSILANTI BRANCH.

Freight	Exp.	STATIONS	Exp.	Freight
1 40pm	9 05am	Ypsilanti	4 55pm	12 05pm
2 03pm	9 19am	Pittsfield Jct.	4 36pm	11 40am
2 25pm	9 27am	Saline	4 28pm	11 25am
2 45pm	9 39am	Bridgewater	4 14pm	10 50am
3 53pm	10 00am	Manchester	3 53pm	10 17am
4 34pm	10 38am	Brooklyn	3 23pm	9 00am
4 50pm	10 49am	Woodstock	3 11pm	8 43am
5 20pm	11 07am	Jerome	2 53pm	8 15am
5 39pm	11 18am	No. Adams	2 43pm	8 02am
6 00pm	11 35am	Hillsdale	2 25pm	7 40am
7 10am	7 15pm	Chicago	8 30am	3 00am
11 10pm	2 25pm	Toledo	10 35am	6 55pm
2 15am	5 40pm	Cleveland	6 30am	3 00pm
6 50am	10 10pm	Buffalo	12 40am	7 55am

All trains daily except Sunday.
F. M. BROW

THE SENTINEL-COMMERCIAL

ISSUED ON THURSDAY.

$1.00 Per Year, Strictly in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice in Ypsilantl, Michigan as second class matter.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1.

More than seven thousand pensions have already been granted for disabilities incurred in the Spanish war, nearly all of them in the West Indies. We had twenty thousand men engaged there. Had the Spanish army at Santiago shown genuine fighting propensities there, on the same percentage basis, all of our soldiers would have been exterminated or converted into pensioners at least.

Why does not the navy department demand of Admiral Sampson an explanation of his failure, whether by neglect or willfulness, to impart to Admiral Schley the signals agreed on between himself and the insurgents? He knew them when he sent Schley to Cienfuegos, why did he not impart them? Was it for the same reason that later compelled the newspaper boats to take to the Brooklyn all the news of the fleet, she being kept in dense ignorance by the flag ship? These are things which in view of all the controversy over the Santiago campaign would seem to be proper subjects of inquiry. Maybe the public will be enlightened on these points as a result of the inquiry into the conduct of Admiral Schley.

There seems to be a slight difference between the war department and the Cuban authorities relative to the little matter in which one Neely, a thrifty American, is slightly mixed up. The Washington authorities insist that everything at this end was made ready for the trial long since and that the delay is in the slow moving Cuban courts. But these Cuban authorities deny this and assert that there has been and is gross, if not intentional, neglect to return from Washington certain papers which are essential to the trial—papers which were forwarded to the department at Washington for its consideration. There are undoubtedly reasons why the Washington authorities are not anxious to have Neely brought to book.

Why, of course we need a ship subsidy law. Our ship yards are so busy now that they have to neglect government ships in order to get through their private contracts on time. If they had a subsidy, they could still farther neglect the government contracts. Then the Morgan-Hanna syndicate recently bought up a lot of English lines of steamers and now controls practically every ship that would get any of the $9,000,000 subsidy carried by the bill which so strong an effort was made to pass at the last session of congress. These men can't do business without government aid. Then why should they? The president maker is entitled to his pound of flesh. What does he make presidents for? Certainly not entirely for glory.

One-cent postage would be a good thing, of course, but before the government reduces the postage by one-half the work of extending free delivery should be pushed. Especially is this true as to rural delivery. Rural delivery is a most advantageous thing in more ways than one. The farmer is by no means the only class advantaged thereby. It brings the rural communities into closer relationship with business centers, enlarges the needs and deamnds of this class of our people and thus developes new lines of business as well as increasing the old. The more highly developed men become the greater their wants. An increasing mail facilities is always a powerful agent in development. There are still many communities which are entitled to free rural delivery and this extension of mail facilities will bring all the communities thus served into closer contact with all those advantages which cities enjoy over country and will add materially to the enjoyment of country life, increase the country's demand upon the city and thus advantage both country and city and increase their business. A resort to penny postage at this time might, and undoubtedly would, retard the extension of rural mail delivery. Two-cent postage is not a burden and it can easily be borne until free rural delivery is more widely extended. But the deficit which would undoubtedly result from penny postage would in all probability reduce the amount which would be appropriated for free rural delivery.

There seems to be abundant evidence that originally the game between the Hawks-Angus people and Mr. Boland was a huge one of bluff. This appears to be clearly established by the recent utterances of Mr. Boland. Each wanted to be the successful one in building the road, but neither really intended to build a road if the other did, that is, neither intended that there should be two roads. But while working their game of bluff and trying to convince the other and the people that there was no bluff they progressed so far that it was impossible to back out and consequently there will be two roads in spite of the well laid plans of mice and men. But all these facts go to prove that it is not expected that there will be much money for either in two roads. Although in one sense this, of course, is no concern of the people's, yet some one is pretty certain to be taken in by it. Those who have put in money in buying stocks and bonds, more particularly the small stockholders, will no doubt find out that it means something to them. The mass of people along the lines, however, will be able to ride at a lower charge. It will be an advantage to the people from this point of view. In time the country along these lines may become so thickly settled that both roads will be able to do a paying business. Until that time comes the road that gives the best service at the lowest rate will get the bulk of the business. This will be true for all points west of Ypsilanti, but for points between Ypsilanti and Detroit the Hawks-Angus line will have the business as now.

The Wayne Circuit Court, all the judges sitting together, has handed down a decision upholding the term extension act whereby the terms of the present Detroit city officers are extended one year. This bit of legislation was primarily to kill off ex-Governor Pingree as a possible candidate for Mayor in an off year. The ostensible purpose was to make the term of the city officers longer, thereby saving much expense incurred in holding more frequent elections and to increase the efficiency of the city government. There are, of course, many good reasons in favor of a longer term, but serious objection to the method of getting at the matter that was resorted to in this particular case. Even though the letter of the constitution may have been complied with in passing this legislation, it is objectionable in that it takes from the people for so long a time the right to select their own officers. The people are at all times competent to select their agents and there was no necessity of establishing a precedent which might result in serious abuse. For instance, if the legislature has the right to extend the term of officials one year, might it not do it for two or three or four years? Better by far for the people to pay the expense of several elections than to have their rights suspended for a year or any other period of time.

The Chicago American pays its respects to the taxdodger in the following tart language:

Last year you, the Chicago tax dodger, worked your little confidence game and did every boy and girl in town out of two weeks' schooling and their hard working teachers out of two weeks' pay. Now you are planning a still greater fraud on these citizens of tender age and devoted lives.

And for what? So your fellow-townsmen who have not failed in their duty can look forward eagerly to your end? So you can squander another dollar, damned in the getting, on a casket for your carcass at the last? If, like the rest of your riches, the evil that you do were to stay on this side of the grave, all would be well; but you are sowing the wind and your victims will make your children reap the whirlwind.

Be sure of this: Whatever the inscription on your costly tomb, those who deservedly survive you will read this between the lines:

"He cheated little boys and girls out of their schocling."

Twenty-eight huge seagoing steamships are now being built in this country by private enterprise and yet congress did not pass the ship subsidy bill. This is tough on Senator Frye, who demonstrated that the thing was impossible without loss—without a subsidy. Some of the men who are building these ships say no subsidy is needed and are backing their faith with their money, there stands Frye's proof, nevertheless.

Detroit Today in its edition of yesterday laid over all its contemporaries. The edition in honor of the 200th anniversary of the birth of the beautiful city of the straits was a fine one and a bit of enterprise on the part of Today's proprietors, Today is setting a pace in other things than the price of the paper which will keep its older contemporaries hustling.

WILL THE CITY BUY THE SITE?

A movement is on foot among a number of citizens to induce the council to purchase the land on Forest avenue across the street from the Normal athletic field and present it to the Normal as a site for the new science building which is to be erected during the coming year.

The state board of education originally intended to locate the new building on the north side of the campus, between the main building and Starkweather hall, but more careful consideration of the situation showed how sadly the three buildings would be crowded together and how tucked up and confined the campus would appear. So recently the board have been casting about in their minds for some other location.

In no other place does the campus afford the desired space, so the question becomes, where is the next best site?

In the opinion of all who have given the matter consideration the property directly across from the athletic field on Forest avenue, now an orchard and field, is the best location, so the question naturally arises, shall the state make the purchase or shall Ypsilanti follow the pretty definitely established custom of other colege towns, by itself acquiring the property and making of it a free will offering to the institution. Ypsilanti is what it is through the Normal, and every additional building on the campus binds the institution to the city by one more bond, and by increasing the college's efficiency and prestige contributes just so much to the welfare of the municipality. Ypsilanti has never yet been backward in grants of land to the Normal, and now is an opportunity to furnish a new proof of the city's enterprise and liberality. A few thousand dollars would purchase the land, which could be used for the science building, or what would be better, turned into an athletic field, to permit of the new structure's being put up on the campus, where the athletic events now occur.

In this connection it is interesitng to note the amount of money that is brought into Ypsilanti annually by the Normal.

The legislature appropriated $240,000 for the Normal for the next two years, which would be $120,000 per year, the annual income from tuitions is about $10,000 and the interest fund is $4,000, which would make a total of $135,000 spent during one year in the city in one form or another. The regular attendance is about 1,000, and estimating the average yearly expenses of the students at $200, in this way $200,000 would be directly distributed among boarding and lodging house keepers, merchants, milliners, tailors, dressmakers, etc.

An institution which brings into a city $335,000 per year may well be treated with liberality by the city's common council.

NEW INSTRUCTORS FOR THE NORMAL

The state board of education at their meeting at Marquette Friday, appointed Duane Stuart, Ph. D., instructor in Latin and Greek at the State Normal, to succeed Sereno B. Clark, who resgned to accept the prncpalshp of a Michigan high school. Dr. Stuart,who is the son of Rev. Duane Reed Stuart of Detroit, acted as professor of Latin and Greek at the Normal during the first year of Dr. D.Ooge's absence in Europe. Last year he was an assstant at the university, and this spring he received his doctor's degree. He was very popular with the students while supplying for Dr. D'Oooge and all connected with the department will be pleased to hear of Friday's appointment.

The board appointed Miss Belle Clisby of Chicago, instructor in drawing at Mt. Pleasant while Miss Elizabeth Wightman is absent on leave next year; they named Miss Lydia Olson as assistant librarian at Marquette, and granted life certificates to Jacob Foote of Alma College, '00; Nellie Montgomery, Hillsdale College, '97; Edward A. Goodrich of Olivet College, '96.

The board re-elected the entire faculty at Marquette, but did not fill several positions which have been created this year.

They will meet at Lansing today to open the bids on the new buildings to be erected at Marquette.

AN AGENT FOR A WHITE ELEPHANT

An agent was in the city Tuesday trying to sell the municipality a stone crusher. The Times would suggest that before a purchase is made inquiry be made at Ann Arbor. Our neighbor has an elephant of that kind which it might not be extremely difficult to purchase. In fact it has been loaned to Ypsilanti and will soon be seen at work here. It could no doubt be purchased at a discount by any one who wants that kind of an article.

Do you take the Sentinel-Commercial. If not subscribe now.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

OFFERS TO GIVE BACK $83.33

Amount Laflin Received From Vigilance Association

FOR HIS STOLEN HORSE

But He Says That the Association Wants the Whole Amount He Got For the Animal

There appears to be some friction in the Farmers' Vigilance association. When the finding of the horse which was stolen from Henry Laflin about a year ago was given up as impossible, the association, in accordancve with its bylaws, paid over to Laflin $83.33, representing two thirds of the value of the horse. After Shoemaker was arrested and several stolen horses were recovered, Laflin went to Cleveland and there found his horse, which it was asserted Shoemaker had sold to Cleveland parties. The Cleveland purchasers of the horse seized some of Shoemaker's property to satisfy their claim and then bought the horse of Laflin. Now the Vigilance association claims, so Laflin states, that he should pay over the money he received for the horse to the association. This Laflin refuses to do, instead tendering the association the $83.33 which had been paid to him as two-thirds of the value of the horse. Whether the matter reaches any other stage than "rag chewing" remains to be seen. Laflin claims that his title to the horse is clear and that he is willing and in duty bound to pay back the $83.33 and no more. The difference between that sum and what he received for the horse, he says, is his.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets
All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signa-

TEAM WAS DEFEATED AT WYNDOTTE

The city team was defeated at Wyandotte Saturday by the Michigan Alkali team by 7 to 1, McCarty saving the Ypsilantians from a shut out by running in a score in the eighth inning, after two men were out.

Clifford pitched a strong game, giving but four hits, and had he been properly supported the victory would have fallen to the visitors. Will Haight muffed a fly in left field that let in three runs, Schiappicasse was responsible for two runs by a wild throw to first base, and Stoll made a couple of errors in right field.

The city men were defeated by Wyandotte a few weeks ago by 7 to 4.

Innngs	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	R
Ypslant	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1
M. A. C.	0	3	0	0	0	2	2	0	7

Helps young ladies to withstand the shock of sudden proposals, that's what Rocky Mountain Tea has done. 35c. Made by Madison Medicine Co. Ask Morford & Smith.

SUPERIOR TOWN.

E. L. Strang lost a cow by lightning last week.

James Cole went Monday to Battle Creek on a visit.

Oiver Markham had a horse struck by lightning last week.

Wm. Hoff, of Pinckney, is visiting his many friends in Superior.

Frank Lambie will soon commence his new barn, forty by sixty feet.

Grant Kimmel and family will start for Harrison, Idaho, in about a week.

Mr. Allen, of Detroit, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. Hutchinson this week.

John R. Rooke's barn was struck by lightning last week, but was not set on fire.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Wilbur, Mr. and and Mrs. J. W. Gale took in Detroit last Thursday.

Part of the Happy-Go-Lucky Pedro Club will go camping in a few weeks to Blind Lake, Lyndon Township.

The Sunday school of Free church and Dixboro will hold their picnic in Ep. Madison's woods, August 3. Superior band will furnish music. All are invited.

Harry Gale, who went to Harrison, Idaho, in the employ of G. H. Kimmel, reports that he is well and busy commencing an electric plant for the Kimmel Company.

WILLIS.

Willis, June 29.—Mr. and Mrs. Will Draper were visiting at Henry Hammond's last Sunday.

Marion Merritt has built an addition to his cow barn.

L. H. Millis entertained friends from Mooreville last week.

Mrs. J. K. Campbell had a brother visiting with her last week.

Miss Grace Champion of Jackson has been visiting at Charlie Hammond's.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Walters were visitors in Detroit week before last.

John Lawson sold several car loads of lambs to Detroit parties last week.

Mrs. Mollie O'Brien was calling on Mrs. Chas. Hammond one day ast week.

Charles R. Greenman attended the Cadillac celebration in Detroit last Thursday.

Bert Youngs bought and shipped several car loads of oats from this place last week.

Jack Gott's business has increased so much that he is building additions onto his shop.

We are glad to learn that Will Roberts has been promoted in the services of the Wabash R. R. Co.

Henry Walters has rented Jos. Bunton's threshing outfiet and will run it this season. He commenced operations last week.

Mrs. Etta Bunton, who has been at the Wayne Retreat for over a year, is at home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Romain Van Warner.

Rogers & Boyce of Ypsilanti have got the contract to paint the Evangelical church at Whittaker. Frank Anderson and John Greenman will do the work.

Henry Hammond dug a well for his barn last week after carrying water to his stock for the past 15 years. He says, "Oh, my! what a saving of labor."

Mrs. Daniel O'Brien and sons of West Sumpter met with a large loss last Friday evening, their barn being struck by lightning, burning up a threshing rig. Hay, grain, etc., partially covered by insurance.

We had the pleasure last Saturday of meeting Fred Lamb (formerly of the firm of Lamb, Davis & Kishlr of Ypsilanti) in Ypsilanti. He is now engaged in the grocery business in Ann Arbor. He says they have a fine trade, which we were glad to hear, but nothing more than we might expect where Fred is interested.

The Ladies and Sir Knights and Tents of Willis Hive and Tents of Maccabees will give a picnic in Bert Young's grove one half mile south of Willis on Friday, Aug. 2, 1901, beginning at 10 o'clock a. m. There will be music by the London and Augusta cornet bands and addresses by Miss Emma Bower of Ann Arbor; Mrs. Lydia Mills, great deputy, Court Ann Arbor, editor of the Michigan Maccabee, in place of Maj. N. S. Boynton; Hon. J. K. Campbell and Hon. Henry Stumpenhusen, interspersed with music by Belleville male quartet, and solos by Carl Lowe. Two baseball games and other amusements. Dinner from 11:30 a. m. to 1:30 p. m. Tickets for dinner 15 cents. A dance will be given in the evening at Maccabee hall. Dance tickets 25 cents. This is to raise money to shingle their hall.

MILAN.

William Murray, of Ann Arbor, was in Milan Tuesday.

Mrs. Jennie Kaester has an interesting class in French.

Amos Tayor has the frame up for his new cotage on County street.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gauntlett are visiting friends in St. Louis, Mich.

H. Ingersoll, of Owosso, is the guest of Paul Newcomb for a few days.

Recent rainstorms have revived vegetation and the gardens are looking finely.

Mrs. C. M. Debenham and Grace, left this week for a visit with friends in Petoskey.

Miss Florence Chapin left Thursday for Petoskey, where she will visit relatives for a few weeks.

Hon. L. C. Allen is seriously ill. He is in his 85th year and is as active when well as a man of 50 years of age.

Dr. and Mrs. Mesic and family have returned from their Wampler Lake outing and will leave this week for Memphis, Mich.

D. C. Salisbury left Saturday afternoon for his home in Battle Creek, after a pleasant visit with H. S. Knight and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Wisdom returned Sunday from a two weeks' visit in Sheppard as the guests of their son, Eugene Wisdom.

Mrs. Lucy Clark and daughter Eva left this week for Tonowanda, N. Y. They will do the Pan-American before their return to Milan.

W. C. Reeves has purchased Mrs. J. Clark's house and lot on East Main street and in the spring will erect a beautiful residence thereon.

Clark-Knight wedding of July 24 was one of the prettiest weddings that Milan ever had at the finely decorated residence of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Barnes of County street. Mr. James A. Clark of Frankfort and Miss Susie J. Knight, one of Milan's favorite and highly accomplished daughters, were united in marriage by Rev. H. A. Field in a very impressive manner. Atty. D. C. Salisbury of Battle Creek acted as best man and Miss K. Lamb of Tecumseh as bridesmaid. Mr. Lloyd McWilliams of Dexter played the wedding march, and during the evening played a masterpiece in a low tone, lending sweetness to the event. A sumptuous banquet was served at the beautifully decorated rooms of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Knight. The presents were numerous and expensive; there was cut glass and silverware galore. The happy couple left for the east at 6 p. m.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Normal Spoons

High School Spoons

and lots of other thing that makes good com mencement presents.

Frank Showerman, JEWELER

9 Huron Street

We Buy Old Gold and Silver....

"We Have Got Them"

YOUNG TALKING PARROTS

For only $5.00, if ordered this month. These birds are in perfect health and will make good talkers. ALSO,

YOUNG MOCKING BIRDS

Only $3.00. Birds safely sent to any part of the state. Now is your chance. All orders will receive our personal attention.

C. H. ROYCE & SON,
201 Jefferson Ave, Detroit

..Manufacturers and dealer in..
POULTRY, BIRD and DOG SUPPLIE

YPSILANTI

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route.

Taking effect June 9, 1901

GOING EAST.

*Detroit Express	6:15am
*Atlantic Express	8:00am
Grand Rapids and Kalamazoo Express	11:25am
Mail and Express	4:05pm
*New York and Boston Special	5:18pm
*Fastastern Express	9:58pm

GOING WEST.

Mail and Express	8:20am
Chicago Special	9:10am
*Fast Western Express	1:25pm
Grand Rapids and Kalamazoo Express	5:30pm
*Chicago Night Express	9:20pm
*Pacific Express	12:15am

*Daily Otherstrainsdailyexcept Sunday.

Beat Your Neighbor

Not with your fist, nor with a stick or a horsewhip, but beat him with your exhibit at the county fair association. There must be some thing in which you excel, something you have raised on your farm. You can get a good premium on it at the county fair, but the satisfaction of knowing that competent judges pronounce yours the best is worth even more than the money premium.

Every effort will be made to make the fair this year the greatest in the history of Washtenaw. The attractions being secured are many in number and good in quality. It will be held in Ann Arbor, October 1, 2, 3 and 4, 1901. Get your exhibits in shape for the

WASHTENAW COUNTY FAIR

DETRIOT, YPSILANTI, ANN ARBOR & JACKSON RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

In Effect April 16th, 1901.

The first cars will leave Ypsilanti going east and west at 6:15 a. m. The first car leaves Ann Arbor going east at 6:45 a. m. Cars will run every half hour until 8:30 p. m., after that every hour; the last car leaving Ann Arbor going east at 11:15 p. m., and the last car west leaving Detroit at 11:15 p. m. In addition to this a local car will leave Ann Arbor for Ypsilanti at 12:15 a. m. and another at 1:15 a. m.

Time Table—In Effect Jan. 2, 1901.

Leave Ypsilanti.	eave Saline.
6:45 a. m.	7:30 a. m.
8:45	9:45
10:45	11:45
12:45 p. m.	1:45 p. m.
2:45	3:45
4:45	5:45
6:45	7:30
8:45	9:45
10:45	11:45

A special car will be run from Ypsilanti at 12:45 a. m. on the arrival of the Opera car from Detroit, for special parties of ten or more, on short notice and without extra charge.

LOCAL BREVITIES

Ned Dolson of Ionia is visiting in the city.

Miss Genevieve Scovill is visiting in Detroit.

Miss Alice Barnes is sojourning in the east.

The baseball team will play Plymouth today.

G. E. Sherman has returned from a visit in Detroit.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Wallace, July 31st, a son.

Mrs. C. M. Stoup has left for an outing at Mackinaw.

Miss Francis Higley is sojourning at Rye Beach, N. H.

Miss Lillian Damon is the guest of friends in Detroit.

Mrs. Jerry McCarthey is visiting Mrs. P. R. Cleary.

John Hewitt has left for his summer outing at Cherlevoix.

R. J. Stayman, of Chicago, is the guest of H. L. Brown.

J. W. Frazier of Toledo is taking the baths at the Occidental.

Miss Clara Foerster is spending a few days at Portage Lake.

J. L. Foerster and family are sojourning at Portage Lake.

Ralph Howard of Pittsburg is taking the baths at the Occidental.

O. W. Hull of Chicago is visiting R. D. Spencer of Congress street.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Olds are the happy parents of a boy baby.

Mrs. H. D. Sanders and Miss Mama Sanders are visiting in Chicago.

Bert Simmons, of Detroit, is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Nellie Bucklin.

John Bishop has returned to the city after an extended stay in Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallie Schryer, of Flint, are visiting at J. A. Burtis's.

Mrs. Aura Hayden has returned from an extended visit in Detroit.

Regular meeting of Ypsilanti lodge, No. 128, F. & A. M., this evening.

J. E. Thomas is visiting his brother, G. H. Thomas, of Saugatuck, Mich.

Miss Jessie Swain is the guest of Miss Florence Hascall, of Detroit.

Prof. G. A. Dennison, of Dundee, is the guest of his parents in the city.

Miss Mabel Streator, of Galesburg, is spending some weeks in the city.

Miss Florence Wilson, of Albion, is spending a few days here with friends.

The bartenders' team were defeated at Cement City yesterday by 13 to 11.

Prof. Ross, who has been away for the past two weeks, is home once more.

Miss Mildred Murray has returned from an extended visit in Kansas City.

Mr. and Mrs. Stafford Reed, of Seattle, Wash., are visiting friends in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Judd, of Chicago, are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. G. M. Hull.

Frank J. Ryan of Chicago spent Sunday with his parents, Mrs. M. J. Ryan.

The Misses Edith and Stella Shaw are spending several weeks in Vermont.

C. A. Hurlburt of Detroit, a former Ypsilanti resident, was in the city yesterday.

Miss Grace Sevey and Miss Rose Munch are spending the week at Cheboygan.

Rev. Mark Williams of Wisconsin preached at the Congregational church Sunday.

Fred W. Green inspected one of the Detroit military companies last evening.

The infant child of Thomas Boat-Wright, jr., died Monday, aged six months.

Roy Younglove of Chicago, is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Quirk.

Walt Pierce has purchased the Parker blacksmith shop with its tools and "good will."

Mrs. G. Bertram is entertainnig her sister, Mrs. Maria Rosinger, of Pemberville, O.

Joseph Wagner, Jr., of Scio, has lost a two-year-old steer by bloating from green clover.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Kelley, of Cement City, have been visiting friends in Ypsilanti.

Co. I will have a base ball team at the encampment. Ernest Betke will be the captain.

Austin White and wife left Friday morning for Traverse City and other northern points.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilber Tripp are accepting congratulations on the arrival of a ten pound boy.

M. A. Lipsitz, special agent for the Home Life Ins. Co., of New York, was in the city yesterday.

Mrs. M. J. Ryan and little daughter, Marie, returned home Saturday after spending a week in Detroit.

J. W. Allen has returned home after a several weeks' visit with his nephew, Dr. W. E. Ward, in Owosso.

Miss Bessie M. Crane left Tuesday for Owosso for a visit with friends and to attend the street fair.

Misses Jennie Renton and Lyda Carpenter left yesterday morning for a week's outing at Zukey Lake.

Miss Boersig left last night for the Pan-American exposition, and from there will go to New York City.

Work in laying of the stone on the new extension to the Normal college boiler house commenced Tuesday.

The Y. W. C. A. will give an ice cream social at the residence of Ben Boyce of Pearl street this evening.

William A. Ryan spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ryan, it being the 19th anniversary of his birth.

Farmers are feeling happy, all on account of the recent heavy rains, which they say have revived corn and beans.

Miss Edith Bucklin, of Olivet, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Bucklin, has returned to her home.

The Ladies' Aid society meet at the Congregational church parlors Friday afternoon, Aug. 2. Bring your thimbles.

Mrs. Frank Felter has returned to Huntington, Ind., after two weeks in the mineral bath department of the Occidental.

Mrs. Lawton of Traverse City, formerly Miss Edna Barnum of this city, is the guest of Miss Leah Spencer of Congress street.

The city ball team will play two out of town games this week, with Plymouth Thursday, and with Lake Ridge, Saturday.

The whole west end of the boiler house at the Normal college has been torn out and work is rapidly progressing on the extension.

Miss Purkey, the graduate nurse from Grace Hospital, has recovered her health and is again at her home, 313 South Huron street.

Fred Green returned Monday from his extended trip to the upper peninsula inspecting the military companies in that part of the state.

The Methodist Sunday school, assisted by the city band, gave a successful lawn social at the Wortley residence on North Huron street Tuesday evening.

Jasper Newell, a blacksmith in the employ of C. M. Stoup, died in the Ann Arbor hospital Thursday night as the result of an operation performed that day.

John O. Baxter, of Harriet street, thrashed his wheat and got 72½ bushels from 2½ acres sown after a crop of corn. He is well satisfied with the result.

John Dodge was prevented by unavoidable absence from the city from singing at the Presbyterian church Sunday, but he will sing the coming Sunday.

Miss Sue Hopkins, the secretary of the Y. W. C. A., is entertaining her sister, Miss Elizabeth Hopkins, of Florida, who has not been in the city for ten years.

Next week the military boys will go to Manistee for their annual encampment. They will be gone ten days. Tents are already being pitched on the grounds.

Mr. and Mrs. William Jansen of Chicago, who have returned from a trip down the St. Lawrence and are en route for Buffalo, called on old friends in the city Monday.

Work on the new Fifth ward school building is going rapidly forward. The roof is now on and the tower in front which adds much to the appearance of the building.

Rev. Mark Williams and wife, of Carrington, N. Dak., who have been visiting at the home of Mrs. Williams' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Graves, returned home Tuesday.

Fred A. Merchant, of Ypsilanti, will be the orator of the day at the Emancipation day celebration given for the amusement of the colored inmates at the Jackson prison today.

Warren Lewis, dealer in fancy live stock, is making a success of selling fine horses as well as fine dogs. At present he is selling fancy horses on the Grand Trotting Circuit.

South Huron street, from the bank building south to the next street, looks like a plowed field, it having been plowed up preparatory to laying the foundation for a pavement.

It is reported that a certain person who promised to leave town inside of two days, if left alone, has gone. Apparently he obeyed the scriptural injunction and tarried not on the manner of his going.

Carl Parsons was principal of the Adrian schools when taken ill in the spring of 1900. September 12 of the same year he came to Ann Arbor, for a surgical operation, remaining here for three weeks. He has been confined to the home in Adrian ever since his return from Ann Arbor, and all that loving care and medical skill could do was done, but to no avail. He died Tuesday.

C. W. Rogers is making his presence felt at the American Whist League meeting at Milwaukee, as Tuesday he and his partner, Mrs. M. W. Lee, made top score in the progressive pairs contest.

Miss Minnie Fell, of Davis & Kishler's, leaves to-day for the Pan-American exposition, and from there she will go to spend the remainder of her vacation with her parents in Pennsylvania.

James Jones, who was arrested a few days ago at the instance of the telephone company, charged with stealing $25 worth of copper, was released esterday morning on his own recognizance.

Mr and Mrs. Thayer of River street are the proud parents of twin girls, one weighing six pounds and the other six and a-half pounds. Mrs. Thayer and the little ones are all three progressing finely.

Miss Clara Frebes, who lived about three miles south of Willis, died yesterday morning, aged 24 years. The funeral will be held at the Catholic Church in this city this morning at ing at 10 o'clock.

Fred Buyer, the tailor, is taking a course in the famous J. J. Mitchell cutting school in New York City. He is an enterprising young man with plenty of ability, and with this excellent training should succeed.

Gus Fingerlee, the tailor, who recently removed from this city to Pontiac, has been declared a bankrupt, and his creditors will meet at the County Clerk's office at Pontiac, August 6, to come to an understanding.

A lawn social will be given at the residence of Mr. Ben Boyce on Pearl street, on Thursday, Aug. 1. Ice cream and cake will be served for 10 cents. The social is given by the Young Women's Christian association.

It is probable that the city will build a fine cement bridge on Forest avenue. Figures are now being obtained. It is thought the bridge may be shortened about 100 or 125 feet by filling in and that this will reduce the cost.

The following Ypsilanti people attended the convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in Detroit Sunday: Rev. Wm. Gardam, Samuel Post, D. P. Sullivan, Dr. Harry Britton, Harry Parmely, Thomas Clark.

The cases of Garrity against Furlong and Furlong against Garrity were called in Justice Joslyn's court Tuesday, but were put over until next week. They are the two men who had a fight on the main street last week.

If Ypsilanti contemplates doing anything with the proposition of that Indiana factory which would like to locate here, provided $20,000 of Ypsilanti money is put into it, consideration of the matter should be taken up at once.

Lightning struck Daniel O'Brien's barn in Sumpter Township Friday night and the building was burned to the ground. Four carriages, twenty tons of hay, four double harnesses and a quantity of tools, single harness, etc., were destroyed.

A committee of the Business Mens' Association went to Wandottee Tuesday evening to investigate street fair. Upon their return they were unanimously in favor of turning down the project, and consequently Ypsilanti will have to get along without a fair this year.

The Buckskin Bill Wild West show, which furnished lively entertainment at Ypsilanti at the time of and several days after its scheduled performance in the city, has meta streak of bad luck, and after showing at Laporte, Ind., recently, it has returned to its winter quarters at Paducah, Ky.

E. J. Tobin of Jackson was in the city and commenced Tuesday to put in the curbing on South Huron street, under his contract with the city. He puts down a combination curb and gutter of cement. The curbing is 6 inches thick and the gutter is 18 inches wide. It makes fine looking work.

A portion or all of the new telephone switch board has arrived and it now begins to look as though in the not distant future. It is promised that we shall have good service by August 1, and the names of the subscribers who hope this will actually happen would make too long a list to publish here.

Mayor R. S. Copeland left Thursday morning with W. J. Booth, President of the State Savings Bank, for Europe. They do not expect to travel together on the continent, as Dr. Copeland will do special hospital work while there. They both expect to visit Stuttgart, the fountain head of the German immigration that settled up Washtenaw County.

Charles Taylor, colored, who was to have been tried before Justice Childs yesterday on a charge of drunk and disorderly, succeeded in settling the matter by paying $8.71 costs. It was the second time he had been before His Honor on the same charge, and apparently he was not anxious to go to trial.

C. W. Rogers and B. E. Cook left Saturday for Milwaukee, where they will attend the annual meeting of the National Whist Association. It will be their honor to play on the team of twelve which will represent Michigan in the Brooklyn Trophy contest, and they will also enter the Minneapolis pair contest.

Adrian Press: 4,000 Ypsilantians use a million gallons of water per day. Whew, what thirst. That's 250 gals per cap, and this includes Cap Allen, and Elder Ryan. Of course such statements won't hold water—that is not as many gallons, and as both gentlemen confine their beverages to water, and its various compounds, we must infer that Ypsilantians have holes in their hose.

Miss Hilda Lodeman has painted a remarkably accurate portrait of Ypsilanti's quaint old negro, John Anderson, which is on exhibition at the Rogers' drug store. The workmanship is very fine and the likeness is perfect, the portrait being another evidence of Miss Lodeman's great talent.

Mrs. Gardener has returned to her home at Kalamazoo after a ten days' stay at the Occidental for the baths. On her arrival in the city it was necessary to carry her from the carriage to her room, but after only ten days she had so improved that she was able to walk to the carriage unassisted.

Rev. and Mrs. William Gardam have been called to Milwaukee by the death of Mrs. Gardam's brother-in-law, George H. Yenowincy. Mr. Yenowincy is a well-known newspaper man, having been connected with The Sentinel and the Evening Wisconsin of Milwaukee, and with the Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Ypsilanti colored band has been engaged at Toledo, Ohio, for August 1, and it is expected our colored citizens will largely attend the celebration there on that day. Those wishing to go there can buy tickets on Thursday, Aug. 1, good returning the following day for $1. The band will turn out in new uniforms.

There will be a shake-up in the offices on the second floor of the bank building, as the telephone company will give up their room on the north side to take one of Dr. Britton's rooms, who will push Marshal Warner one room to the north, and who in turn will drive Fred W. Green into the three rooms on the north.

Only two Ypsilanti business men have refused to sign the agreement to close business houses Aug. 14; one for the reason that he does not propose to stop doing business for anything short of death, and the other because he dislikes affixing his signature to such a document, although he says he has no objection to closing if his competitors will do the same.

Miss Aina Stevenson, a popular Normal student from Grand Rapids, has been elected editor-in-chief of the Normal News for the coming year. Miss Stevenson is a member of the Phi Kappa Sigma Sorority, and is one of the strongest students in the college. Clemens P. Steinle, of Atlantic Mine, was chosen business manager of The News before the conclusion of the spring quarter.

If the city is ever going to do anything with the Huron park project it will economize by beginning at once, as the dirt being taken from South Huron street might as well be used to fill in the park, as to be spread over other waste land. The streets and walks committee say that since the park was first suggested they have seen drawn from the streets enough dirt to have filled in almost half of the proposed site.

APPOINTED "BOYS" PASTOR AT DETROIT CHURCH

Rev. William Culver, who was born and brought up near this city, and who for several years was pastor of the Presbyterian church at Stony Creek, has been appointed "Boys' pastor" of the Jefferson avenue church of Detroit.

The Journal last night contained the following on the appointment:

"The Rev. W. H. Culver, who has been called from his charge at Brighton, Mich., to become the "Boys' pastor" of the Jefferson Avenue Presbyterian church, is a very clever young man who, since engaging in religious work, has paid special attention to the interests of boys in church work.

He gathers a number of boys into a club and endeavors to arouse their ambition by taking up work which is likely to interest them. He has been remarkably successful in this work, as is shown by the record of one club which when started about two years ago, had 20 members, 10 of whom are now in college mainly through the efforts of Mr. Culver.

He was born near Ypsilanti 35 years ago on his father's farm. In 1892 he was graduated from Princeton university and then took a course in the theological institute of that institution, being graduated from there in 1898. After graduation he was called to St. Ignace to take charge of the men's work in a small church at that place. From St. Ignace he went to Stony Creek, near Milan, where he had full charge of a country parish. It was at this place that his work with boys proved so successful as to attarct attention.

One year ago he was called to Brighton, where he was given charge of the Presbyterian church of that village."

Millions of people drink Chase & Sanborn's Teas and Coffees because they are the purest and best. Why don't you join the happy throng? Dunlap & George, 209 Congress street, will be pleased to introduce you.

SUNDAY SPECIAL TO DETROIT.

Sunday, August 4th, the Michigan Central Railway will run two special trains to Detroit as follows: The first will leave Ypsilanti at 9 a. m. and arrive in Detroit at 10 a. m.; the second will leave Grand Rapids at 7 a. m. and Kalamazoo at 7:40 a. m., making intermediate stops and arriving at Ypsilanti at 11 a. m. and Detroit at 12 m. The first will leave Detroit at 6:30 p. m. and the second at 9:05 p. m. Round trip ticket 40 cents. Children between 5 and 12, 20 cents. Bicycles free.

STOPS THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE COLD.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price 25 cents.

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WHITE LOGIC.

EDWIN FORREST was once drilling a stupid "super." In despair Forrest exclaimed: "Can't you say it as I do?" "No," said the man; "if I could, would I be working for $5.00 a week?" If you asked a cheap yellow soap to do the work of Ivory Soap the reply might well be: "If I could, would I sell for half as much?" Ivory Soap, being pure, costs money, but not more than a pure soap has to cost.

HORSES TREATED BETTER THAN MEN

Judged by a recent action of the city council, a man would better be a horse. At the last meeting of the city dads they had before them a petition for an increase of pay for the teamsters. Just at present the city is employing a lot of teams and a lot of men on the work which is preparatory to paving South Huron street. The teamsters asked for an increase of wages from three dollars to three and one-half a day, expecting at least some measure of their request granted. The council gave them all they asked and there were no kickers. The council also gave the men who dig and shovel on the street ten cents advance, making their wages $1.60 per day. Or to put it in another way, the men get an increase of 60 cents a week, while the horses get $3.00, that is to say the team and man. Now some persons who are so constituted as to like to make comparisons, are wondering whether it is not better to be a horse than a man. A man who does the hardest work in shoveling dirt, gets an increase of ten cents a day. A man who drives a team, together with the team, get an increase of fifty cents a day. Now, deducting the ten-cent man leaves forty-cent horses, measured by the standard of increases. That is to say, two horses get four times as much increase as a man, or one horse gets twice as large a raise as a man. Or to put it another way, if a man could eat hay he might be placed on an equal footing with a horse in the matter of an increase of daily wages.

Nobody is disposed to kick on the increase of wages, but the manner of dividing the raise appears a bit peculiar. But there are thoe who don't quite see on what basis of comparison a horse is entitled to twice the increase given a man.

I have for rent to a desirable tenant a house on Summit street. First class condition; furnace, bath, closet, instantaneous water heater, etc. Ready August 1. AUSTIN GEORGE,
81 111 Normal street.

Special excursion rates to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Minn., Hot Springs Deadwood, S. D., Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, and Glenwood Springs., Colo., Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah.

June 18th to 30th and July 10th to August 31st, the Michigan Central will sell round trip tickets to above points at greatly reduced rates. Tickets good returning to October 31st. Inquire at ticket office for particulars.

83 B. M. DAMON, Agent.

CHEAP CHAUTAUQUA EXCURSION.

July 26th, over Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry., from points west of and including Cleveland, O. Tickets good tirty days, at practically half rates for the round trip. A fine chance to visit that famous resort, also to take in the Pan-American Exposition. These tickets will be sold also by lines connecting with the Lake Shore.

For any particulars inquire of nearest ticket agent.

OUR LIFE SAVER

Is a stock of pure Drugs. In our hands, the physician's prescription is carefully carried out and recovery made more possible.

MORFORD & SMITH

City Drug Store

BAY VIEW CAMP MEETING.

July 9th to August 14th.

One first-class fare for the round trip is authorized for this meeting. Tickets will be on sale July 8th to 18th. Good returning until August 17th. Children under twelve, half rate.

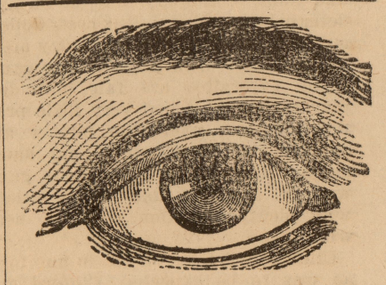
B. M. DAMON, Agent.

SPECIAL LOW EXCURSION RATES TO WESTERN POINTS—LAKE SHORE RY.

From July 1 until Sept. 10, 1901, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry. will sell special low rate excursion tickets to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, Colo.; St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth, Minn.; Deadwood, etc., S. D.; Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah. Rates July 1 to 9 will be especially low. Tickets will be good returning until October 31. Any desired particulars from ticket agents or by writing to A. J. Smith, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, Ohio.

STOPS THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE COLD.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price 25 cents.



If you have pains in your eyes, frequent headaches and find it difficult to read fine print, you are abusing your eyes and should at once secure the opinion of a reliable optican. S. E. DODGE, Scientific Optican (12 years experience) tests eyes FREE of Charge. with

S. H. DODGE & SON

LEADING JEWELERS:

110 Congress St., Ypsilanti Mich.

Four New Shoes For One Dollar

The best place in Ypsilanti to get your horses shod is at

Ed L. Parker's

New Stand at 109 MICHIGAN STREET between Washington and Huron Sts., next to Dr. Kestills' vetreinary hospital. Mr. Parker has been the senior member of Parker & Hixson, recently dissolved and promises the best of work in his line.

THE FLATS FOR A CITY PARK

Would be a Fine Thing These Hot Days

IF IT WAS FIXED UP

Amount Spent on Fourth Ward Park Would Have Helped Materially

Such weather as the present, when there is little business, causes the good people of Ypsilanti to long for a park. There is a fine place on the flats along the west side of the river between Congress and Cross streets to make a beautiful park which would be handy for the people on both sides of the river, but the trouble seems to be to get the city to take the matter up and spend some money on it. Probably $2,000 have been spent on the Fourth ward park and this is all proper, but that park is away off to one side and does not accommodate many of the people. Of course a considerable sum could be spent in making the flats into a park, but even the modest sum which has been spent on the Fourth ward park would make a place here that would be attractive and pleasant to go to in such boiling heat as we are having at present. Undoubtedly the taxpayers of the city would gladly pay the necessary cost of starting a park there at this time. It is not necessary to complete it all at once, but something could be done each year and ultimately the city would have as fine a place to spend a hot, idle hour in the cool shade as can be found anywhere. Let the proposition receive early attention.

A GENTLE HINT.

In our style of climate, with its sudden changes of temperature,—rain, wind and sunshine often intermingled in a single day,—it is no wonder that our children, friends and relatives are so frequently taken from us by neglected colds, half the deaths resulting directly from this cause. A bottle of Boschee's German Syrup kept about your home for immediate use will prevent serious sickness, a large doctor's bill, and perhaps death, by the use of three or four doses. For curing Consumption, Hemorrhages, Pneumonia, Severe Coughs, Croup, or any disease of the Throat or lungs, its success is simply wonderful, as your druggist will tell you. Get a sample bottle free from Rogers' drug store. Regular size, 75c. Get Green's Prize Almanac.

NORMAL SCRUBS, 5; CLEARY COLLEGE 3

A scrub team from among the Normal summer students, with Clifford and Gass, of the city nine, as battery, defeated the Cleary Business College on the Normal grounds Thursday afternoon by 5 to 3, in a five-inning game.

The Clearyites are fair individual players but have had very little practice together, while the pitcher and catcher were the only old hands among the pedagogues, so the game was of the "hit and run" variety, with plenty of action but little head work.

Clifford and Gass played in fine form as was to be expected, Clifford giving very few genuine hits, although the fielders would frequently be so slow in geting after the ball that a hit would be scored when in a fast game the runner would have been retired, and Gass was a host in himself. The Normal basemen and fielders were decidedly lazy as to their duties in the different contingencies of the game, so it became Gass' duty to combine the offices of catcher and coach, which he accomplished very successfully, to him more than anyone else being due the Normal victory.

With the exception of the second inning, when they scored three, the Clearyites were retired each inning in one-two-three order with comparative ease.

With practice and coaching however the Cleary men could work up a strong team.

If a dealer asks you to take something said to be "just as good as Rocky Mountain Tea made by Madison Medicine Co.," ask him if he makes more money. Ask Morford & Smith.

SHE GOT HER TONTINE MONEY

Mrs. Fred Horner, of Ypsianti, can give the Ann Arbor Tontine holders the laugh. She has not waited for any Supreme Court decision or taken stock in the New Jersey company. She has just received 100 cents on the dollar for her contract. It became due recently and she wanted her money. The Tontine Company did not respond, so she sent the contract down to New York City to her brother, who is a lawyer there. He did not do a thing but make it warm for the New Jersey end of the Michigan Tontine Company. He made it so warm that to get rid of him the company paid up the contract. There is where Mrs. Horner has the laugh on the other innocent people.

How Are Your Kidneys?
Dr. Hobbs' Sparagus Pills cure all kidney ills. Sample free. Add. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

ISN'T GOING TO TAKE ANY CHANCES

ALD. FRANK WORDEN THROWS OUT HIS TELEPHONE

Lightning Again Visits His Home by the Wire Route and He is Tired of it

Alderman Frank Worden has concluded that a telephone in present conditions is too dangerous a thing to have in his house any more until he discovers some way of keeping the lightning out. Thursday night the stuff ran into his residence again on a telephone wire, burned out his telephone and ruined a sewing machine. He says he will take no more chances until the danger can in some way be averted. He says but a few days ago he had a device put in which he was told would turn the current out, but it did not work. So Friday morning he took his phone down, put it out in the yard and cut out the wires. He is bound to keep the pesky lightning out of his residence, whether he has a telephone or not.

THEIR SECRET IS OUT.

All Sadieville, Ky., was curious to learn the cause of the vast improvement in the health of Mrs. S. P. Whittaker, who had for a long time endured untold suffering from chronic bronchial trouble. "It's all due to Dr. King's New Discovery," writes her husband. "It completely cured her and also cured our little granding Cough." It positively cures Coughs, Colds, La Grippe, Bronchitis, all Throat and Lung troubles. Guaranteed bottles 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free at drug stores of C. W. Rogers & Co. and Morford & Smith.

WATER FAMINE IS NOW OVER

The report comes from the water works department that for the past two days the situation has shown a marked improvement over the week immediately preceding, as the consumption of water yesterday and Wednesday was only a litle above the normal. The citizens seem to have awakened to the fact that they were willfully wasting the city's most prized possession, and they have temporarily, at least, aroused themselves from their past selfishness. It is to be hoped that there will be no backsliding, as a water famine would bring actual suffering and a great expense upon the whole city.

When the water works plant was called up by telephone last evening, the pumps were again being worked by water power and there was an ample supply in the wells and in the standpipe.

Supt. Blanchard is well aware that there are still a large number of the water takers who are violating the department's regulations, and he says they may expect no leniency when located.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It sooths the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

CHARGED HIS MAN FOR MOVING HIM

John Kolp sued Horace Laflin in Justice Childs' court Friday for back pay as he claims. He claims that Laflin owes him $20, while Laflin claims Kolp owes him $10. Kolp hired out to Laflin, it appears, for $200, a cow and two pigs, house firewood, etc. After working several months differeneces arose and Kolp left. Kolp claims he never had the cow promised him, that the house furnished him leaked and was not in proper condition for inhabitancy. He claims Laflin has him charged with certain things also which he should not be charged with. Among these things is a dollar for moving Kolp's family down to the farm, a dollar and a half for moving his household goods, five dollars for carpet rags which Laflin claims Kolp or his wife either burned, sold or destroyed. These and several other small items make up the difference of $30 which is between them. John P. Kirk is the attorney for Kolp and D. C. Griffen is handling Laflin's case.

MICHIGAN PAN-AMERICAN SPECIAL.

A special train of Standard Coaches and a Parlor Car will run daily except Sunday, from Detroit to Buffalo via Niagara Falls. Leaving Detroit at 12:35 p. m., on arrival of Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids express, reaching Buffalo at 7:10 p. m., only stopping at St. Thomas between Detroit and Niagara rivers.

Special round trip excursion tickets sold only on Tuesdays, good three days, for one cent per mile; 10 and 15-day limit tickets good one way on boat lines, sold every day.

88 B. M. DAMON, Agent.

HONEST ABE, U. S. M.

THE RURAL MAIL CARRIER ON HIS DAILY TRIP.

He Hears a Sad Tale From Hiram Green About Unrequited Love, and Mrs. Warner Tells Him of a Breach of Promise Suit.

[Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.]

When I got along to Hiram Green's with his weekly paper the other day, I found him pacing up and down in front of his gate in an excited state of mind, and I hadn't time to ask him the cause of his trouble before he said:

"Say, Abe, I've been thrown down with the durnedest kind of a kerwollop."

"Been wrassling with your old spotted bull?" I asked.

"THE WAY THEY DID SPOON WAS SOMETHING AWFUL."

"No. You remember that my wife died two years ago, don't you?"

"I believe I do."

"Well, I've been a widderer ever since and am yet, though it's not my fault. Mebbe you've heard that I was sort of spooking around the Widder Carter. She is a widder, and I'm a widderer, and it seemed perfectly nateral that we should hitch up together. I've been dropping in on her every few nights for the last six months, and she allus seemed glad to see me. When I talked love, she'd smile, and when I talked of marriage she'd blush like a hen. Why, Abe, I was so sure that she reciprocated my affections, as they call 'em, that I'd have bet 40 bushels of turnips ag'in a peck of corn that I could carry her off any day."

"And what's happened?" I asked.

"Well, I went over there last night to pop the question, and after sitting around awhile I popped. I thought it was a dead sure thing, of course, but the widder riz up and give me the cold throw down."

"She refused you, you mean?"

"She did, and she spoke in plain English too. Yes, sir, she refused my heart and hand as plump as mud, and when I got outdoors I was so giddy in the head that I walked half a mile in the wrong direction. Why, Abe, the shivers are still creeping up and down my back, and I can't hardly draw a long breath."

"But she must have explained why she refused you."

"Yes; I believe she did. She said our spirits wasn't in harmony or some such thing and that while I would be wanting boiled dinners she'd be sighing for quail on toast. I didn't sleep a wink all last night, and I haven't eaten any breakfast, and I'm taking it hard, Abe, mighty hard. I'm kind of thinking of committing suicide."

"Nonsense!" I said. "If one widder won't have you, then try another."

"I can't, Abe," he replied, with tears in his eyes. "When a man of my age has got the cold kerflop, he hasn't any spunk left. I shan't be no good to myself nor anybody else for the rest of my life. Abe, you are the government, ain't you?"

"Well, I represent the postmaster general, the administration, the United States and the constitution, and if I should meet a load of hay on the road it would have to turn out for me."

"That's what I thought, and if you've got to stop at the widder's this morning I want you to do me a favor. I want you to tell her that it's the opinion of the government that she's made the biggest mistake of her life and that if she marries anybody else she'll have boils and toothache and rheumatism all the rest of her days. Make it mighty strong, Abe. Make her feel what she's missed by turning me down, and give her to understand that there's 40 other widders in this county who'd jump at the chance of marrying me."

I promised him and drove off, but as I looked back and saw him sitting on the fence with his head in his hands I knew that his heart was broken. I'd heard that Uncle Eli Warner was full of trouble over his daughter Mary, and as I drove up to the house I wasn't surprised to see Mrs. Warner waiting for me. She had a club in one hand and a package of letters in the other and was trying to look ferocious. It was a poor attempt, however, and her voice trembled as she said:

"Abe, mebbe you've heard about our Mary?"

"Just a little," says I. "I hope she's well and as good looking as usual."

"No, Abe; she ain't a bit well, and I shouldn't be a bit surprised if her spirit sailed away any hour. As for looks, she has aged ten years in two weeks. It's an awful blow on a girl like her, you know."

"It's a breach of promise suit, ain't it?"

"That's it, Abe. You remember when those fellers was here last fall with their wire fencing? I was ag'in it from the start. I told Eli that it wasn't natural and that nothing good could come of it, and I was a true prophet. One of the fellers fell in love with Mary. Maybe you heard about it?"

"Seems as if I did."

"You must have, as everybody was talking. Yes, he fell in love with Mary, and she fell in love with him, and the way they did spoon around was something awful. It didn't do no good to talk to her. Mary is like a mule when she gets her mind made up. After the feller had hung around here for two weeks he had to move on, and then they wrote letters to each other. Here are the letters he wrote, but after a few weeks he cooled off on her and fell in love with another. We are now going to have him sued for breach of promise."

"Does Mary want to take the case into court?" I asked.

"No, she don't, nor Eli either, but I'm going to make 'em. I've got my dander up and will fight to the end. Eli says we haven't got a case, and I want to ask you about it. Abe, when a feller writes to a girl that he'd give the whole world for a sight of the tip of her nose he's in love, ain't he?"

"I should say he was."

"And when he writes that he can't eat nor sleep nor put up wire fencing for thinking of her he's got it purty bad, hasn't he?"

"For sure."

"And when he goes on to say that they'll live in a woodbine cottage and squeeze hands and listen to the songs of the nightingales it means that he expects to marry her, I take it?"

"It looks that way."

"And when he sits down and figgers out that they can live on $3 a week, when he says that the world is a hollow mockery without her, when he writes that she's an angel from heaven and has made him the happiest man on earth, he's committed himself, hasn't he?"

"He certainly has, and I'm telling you so in my official capacity."

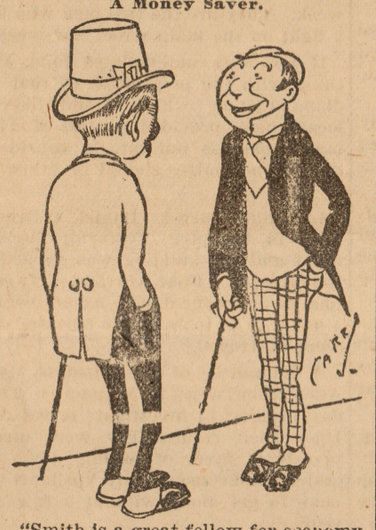
"That's what I says to Eli and Mary, and I'm going to town to see a lawyer and sue that wire fencer for $10,000 damages. Abe, I'm a Spartan mother."

"What's that?"

"I dunno, but I'm one of 'em, and I'll never rest till I make that feller hopscotch. Yes, sir; I'll stand him on his head and walk all over him and crush him into the earth, and then Mary shall marry a millionaire and ride over his dust in her carriage. Goodby, Abe. Just tell everybody that you've seen me and had a talk and that afore I get through with this thing every rod of wire fencing in this county will be buzzing like a gale of wind and hot enough to burn a hole through a sheepskin."

M. QUAD.

A Money Saver.



"Smith is a great fellow for economy. I save money every time I meet him."

"How is that?"

"By not lending it to him."—New York Evening Journal.

Sisterly Sympathy.

Gwendolen—How late you are, dear. What have you been doing all the afternoon?

Maude—Helping the Grigsbys at their "at home" and making myself generally fascinating and agreeable.

Gwendolen—Poor thing! What a hard day's work for you!—Punch.

Hero Hurls the Accusation.

"False, false!" shrieked the hero of the latest dramatization in falsetto tones.

"Do you say that to my face?" screamed the heroine.

"I say it to your very teeth!" roared the hero.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Love Song.

Oh, come with me, my darling,
We'll stroll upon the sand,
And I'll quote verses to you
And lead you by the hand.
We'll gaze across the water
And see it gleam, Janet,
For Morgan hasn't gobbled
Up
the
moonlight
yet.

The pathway through the meadow
Still leads down to the shore,
And shadows fall across it
E'en as they fell of yore.
The wind sighs through the rushes,
The tender grass is wet,
And Morgan hasn't gobbled
Up
the
moonlight
yet.

The busy day is ended,
The city's work is done,
And over in the marshes
Sweet revels have begun.
'Tis love's own happy hour,
For let us not forget
That Morgan hasn't gobbled
Up
the
moonlight
yet.

Oh, come with me, my sweetheart,
And let us fare away
To where the blithesome ripples
Among the pebbles play!
The world is still for lovers,
My beautiful Janet,
For Morgan hasn't gobbled
Up
the
moonlight
yet.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

W. H. MOSHER IS VISITING HERE

W. H. Mosher, who was a well known Ypsilantian years ago, is in the city for a week's visit, having taken the trip east from his home at Dixie, Oklahoma, to renew old acquaintances and incidentally, as he says, to look up a few business matters.

The former Ypsilantian looks well and hearty, and he claims to have developed a strong affection for his adopted land, even taking so radical a step as to pronounce the West "the only place in the world."

There are plenty of opportunities in the West at present for hustlers with or without a little capital, but in his opinion ten years more will bring the same crowded condition there exists in the East, so "go West and grow up with the country" will eventually lose its value as fatherly advice.

The West is suffering terribly from the heat, but around Dixie the land is not of the "one crop" variety, as it is in the prairie country, so Mr. Mosher does not expect his neighbors to lose as much this year as will many Westerners.

"I don't see much of the 'boomers,'" he said when questioned as to the coming land opening in the territory, "as my little general store is a hundred miles or more from the beaten track to the new lands, but I hear a good deal of them, and that not much to their credit. The riff-raff of the country is waiting for that land to be opened, and for a year or more it will hardly be a paradise. If a man wants one of these government claims he had better far wait at least a year after they are thrown open, for then he can go in and buy the best of them dirt cheap.

"It costs more than a claim is worth to defend it by force and law during the first year, but after that the riff-raff settlers begin to tire of their job, and they are perfectly willing to sell cheap and get away."

Mr. Mosher left his brother, Louis Mosher, who recently resigned a position in the Sullivan & Cook clothing store to join him at Dixie, in excellent health, and very much pleased with the west.

ALMOST A MIRACLE.

Detroit, Mich. ——Mr. T. V. Baldinger, of 117 Clinton street, this city, feels that all the world should know of the wonderful virtues of Dr. Chase's Ointment as a cure for piles. He says: "Dr. Chase's Ointment is a blessing to humanity. It cured me of itching piles after 25 years' suffering, during which time I tried doctors' treatment and many kinds of "Pile Cures" without result."

To prove the wonderful virtues of Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment as a cure for piles, eczema, salt rheum, and all the torturing, itching skin troubles of men, women and children, we will send a sample box free to any sufferer who will send name and stamp to pay postage. Could anything be fairer?

Price 50c a box, all druggists, or Dr. A. W. Chase, Med. Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Positively guaranteed to cure.

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CAHN, WAMPOLD & Co.
CHICAGO

A FAIR HOB-GOBLIN

BY...
ZOE ANDERSON NORRIS

Copyright, 1900, by Zoe Anderson Norris.

IN different countries they frighten children in different ways. At home it's "the goblins'll git you if you don't watch out," but in the Land of the Midnight Sun, as well as in some other foreign countries, the old nurses frighten the sons of noblemen like this: "Some pretty girl'll git you if you don't watch out and marry you!"

Then all along the hills and dales and hollows trails the lilting echo, faintly whispering back:

"And marry you! And marry you!"

Thus it happens that these sons of noblemen frequently arrive at the age of manhood with a look that is scared.

It happened that the son of a Norwegian nobleman came for a period of time to a French pension to learn French. Many young men travel in the same manner from foreign parts to French pensions for the purpose of learning French and end by learning English, partly because English is more universally spoken than any other language and partly because scores of English and American girls find their way to French pensions also. English and American girls possess a certain charm to beguile, and it is a well known fact that to learn a language with facility you must lisp it from the lips you love.

There the son of the Norwegian nobleman found, apparently waiting for him, a girl—a pretty girl, a beautiful girl, in fact—from Kansas. Where was Kansas? Not on the map. Of course not on the map of Europe, which, being a European, was the only map of which he was cognizant. At any rate, wherever it was, that Kansas, it grew pretty girls if this was a specimen. The breath of the prairies of which she talked still clung to her; the reflected rose of the prairie flowers lingered in her cheek.

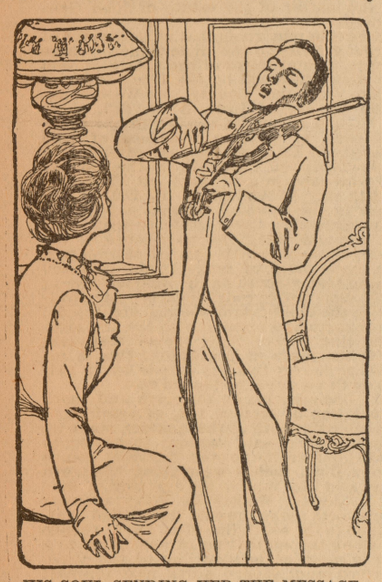
He drew his breath hard at sight of her, and back from the dim cradle of his childhood came the old nurse song, "Some pretty girl'll git you if you don't watch out," with its whispering echo, "and marry you! And marry you!"

He straightened himself up, threw out his broad chest and announced in lusty tones: "I shall never marry! No," in a determined way, glaring at her, "I shall never marry!"

And the girl from Kansas, looking up at him, drew her brows together in a frown and wondered what on earth he was driving at.

However, he tempted Providence. He lavished courtesies on her—he was well raised, this son of the Norwegian nobleman—he arose and bowed when she entered the salon; he arose and bowed when she left it; he preceded her with a lighted candle to the door of her room, and he took her hand there at that door and kissed it. He was courteous, very courteous, so courteous that the girl, accustomed to the somewhat scant courtesy of the Frenchmen about her, who, being outnumbered by the women thirteen to one, can hardly be expected to spend their whole lives in bowing and scraping, came to regard him with something nearly akin to awe. Now and then a sort of fear crept into her eyes—a fear that he was not long for this world.

But, again, observing the sudden straightening of shoulders and chest, the defiant flashing of eyes and the reiterated assertion that he would never marry—no, he would never marry—her doubts as to the probable length of his term of existence wavered. Backed by



HIS SOUL SENDING HER THE MESSAGE.

such rigid determination along this line, if along no other, perhaps he had a while longer to live, a few short years at least.

He was the happy possessor of a violin—a Seidel made in the year 1517. He played for her. He played fairly well, too, for the son of a nobleman.

And, as for the violin, it was sweet as sweet!

He stood, tall and slim, before her, his fine figure swaying slightly with the waves of sound, his great blue eyes fixed dreamily upon her, his soul unconsciously sending her the message his lips dared not frame because of the warning contained in the song of his nurse—the song which rang in his brain morning, noon and night, which racked his brain, which left him no peace so contrary was it to the longing growing within him for the girl. And she, gazing up at the slim height of him, drinking in the sounds from out the dim and shadowy past, half intoxicated by the tender melody which coursed along her veins like wine, wondered why he always kept his mouth open when he played. It would look so much better, she thought, shut.

He grew reckless notwithstanding the warning. He begged her to go out into the moonlight with him.

Now, moonlight is dangerous of itself. It goes to people's heads. But,

THEY FELL TO TALKING OF THE MOON.

accompanied by pretty girls, it is doubly dangerous.

They sat together on one of those benches placed for the convenience of weary stragglers on the Boulevard des Italiens, opposite big, tall buildings capped by black chimney pots, over which sailed serenely the moon. And, looking into her face, lit by that moon, he saw that her eyes were bright and that when she smiled her teeth were even quite the whitest and most even teeth he had ever seen in the mouth of a girl.

He turned away and sighed and bit his lip.

Why is it that noblemen will allow their sons to stray so far from home, to France, to Paris and to boulevards lined with benches convenient for the resting of themselves with strange girls beside them and moonlight shining down, soft, shimmering, treacherous, insidious moonlight, that, wandlike, turns a homely girl into a pretty one and a pretty girl into a dream? Why is it, I say?

"Jag elsker dig," he murmured, for in spite of warnings he found it absolutely necessary this one time to give vent to the flame which, enveloping, threatened to consume him.

"What?" she inquired. Not that she cared particularly to know, but it is always polite to keep up your end of the conversation. She did not understand Norwegian—she supposed that was the language he was speaking—and, what was more, considering the extreme brevity of life, she never intended to.

"Nothing," he replied and blushed again, this time for very shame that he dared not explain how he had said in his own language—the language you have spoken from the cradle is dearest to you and therefore the most natural for the making of love; also he knew she wouldn't understand it—that he loved her.

Then they fell to talking of the moon. That was a fairly good moon, he told her, but it couldn't begin to compare with the moon in the Land of the Midnight Sun. That was about three times as big and splendid. It shone for the most part on ice. Perhaps it was that which gave it a bigger look. Anyhow this was an infant moon by the side of it. The Norwegian luminary laid it completely in the shade.

And all the while he kept thinking that it was a most fortunate thing that they two were not sitting on some bench in Norway, with that Norwegian moon beaming down on her shining eyes and her white, white teeth, or he would fain lose his head and ask her to be his wife.

It was bad enough as it was. Half the time he had to look away from her for the better fleeing of temptation.

When he had finished extolling his moon, she extolled hers. The moon in Kansas, she said, was the finest in the world. It couldn't be finer anywhere. The ordinary common moon, when it came gloriously up over the prairies, no trees to obscure it, no houses, not even dugouts in some places, was a thing to see and to dream of after; but when it came to the harvest moon—well, there! If he saw that, he would lose his head. It never occurred to her how near he had come to losing it as it was, and all the time she kept thinking it was foolish, all this talk about different kinds of moons. In her heart of hearts, whether it shone on glistening Norwegian snows or beamed upon wheat fields in Kansas, yellow and waving and musical with the song of the ever whispering wind, or sailed majestically above the tall chimney pots across from them in the Boulevard des Italiens in this old Paris, so brimful of people, merry and sad, gay and weary and forlorn, she believed it to be identically the same old moon.

By and by they arose, and he led her into one of those cafes on the boulevard, where they sat at a little round table facing the coming and going crowd.

"We will rest here together awhile and be happy," he said in his imperfect English, and she answered, "Well," though she thought of one summer night which she had wandered through with a man whose face had been fair as his, but whose eyes were brown, a rich, deep brown, with golden lights, with whom she had been happier.

While the waiter brought the luscious things he ordered he watched her draw the glove from her white hand and let it fall for a moment on the edge of the table, wishing he might take it and hold it and keep it for his own forever, for the moonlight was doing its work, and the whispering of that faroff nurse song hummed distantly in his ears, now so distantly that he hardly heard it at all.

They lingered there long. But no matter how long you linger there must come a time when it is necessary to go home. The time came. Sighing, he arose and walked by her side down the boulevard, past the grand old Madeleine and on up the Boulevard Malsherbes, where the tall, spare trees, upon which the leaves had not yet sprung into greenness, cast weird shadows before them. Their own forms cast shadows, narrowed, elongated and hardly less weird.

He was silent. His brain, accustomed to think in Norwegian, was busily engaged in framing three words in the language best known to this girl from the unknown country which was nowhere to be found on his map. He knew them in Norwegian, he knew them also in Swedish, which is much the same. They were familiar to him, too, in German, but in English what were they? At length they came to him. He bent and whispered them—yes, bent and whispered them!

"I love you," he said. And with a reckless disregard of consequences he repeated the words. "I love you," he said again.

The effect was not instantaneous. He hardly knew what he expected to follow, but like as not some lightning process attended the speaking of those three words by the son of a nobleman.

In this case, however, nothing happened whatsoever. The girl from Kansas received the magic words as if they were an everyday occurrence, which perhaps they were. She was a wonderfully pretty girl, and beauty works wonders with the men. She even laughed.

And then, marvel of marvels, she commenced quietly to talk of other things, of the flowers in the windows they were passing, of the Church of St. Augustine, looming splendidly in the distance, of this, that and the other thing, as far removed from the question of love as the stars are removed from the sun.

And, what's more—for wonders will never cease in this fin de siecle age of ours—she kept it up all the rest of the way home.

He framed no more words in English. He was thinking hard in the language

HE BENT AND KISSED HER HAND.

best known to him—namely, Norwegian. He walked by her side in brooding silence. He bent and kissed her hand as usual at the door, and, going to his room, he took down the sweet old violin made in the year 1517 and began to play.

As I said before, he played fairly well for the son of a nobleman. His grieving soul drifted into the melody he sent wailing through the corridors in strains plaintive, pitiful, now low and tender, again high and piercing, like the voice of a human being in distress.

And she, stretched back on her pillow, listening, one pink palm under her soft, round cheek, stirred with half forgotten memories, thrilled to the heart with a touch of homesickness such as she had not felt since the crossing of the water and the separating of herself from the man she loved, thought how much sweeter the music was when she couldn't see how he kept his mouth open when he played.

The Ones We Like Best.

We must have a weak spot or two, says Oliver Wendell Holmes, in a character before we can love it much. People that do not laugh or cry or take more of anything than is good for them or use anything but dictionary words are admirable subjects for biographies. But we don't always care most for those flat pattern flowers that press best in the herbarium.

A Week Off.

Head of Firm—I shall not be well enough to be at the office for several days.

Clerk—Why, you look all right now, sir.

Head of Firm—But I'm going shopping with my wife this afternoon.—Harper's Bazar.

The Woman Who Stays At Home

YOUR friends are all making preparations to leave the city. Scores of pretty dresses are being tucked away in trunks. Wherever you go the conversation is all about the charms of Hotel This or the Such-and-such Inn; the golf links at one place, the bathing at another. You feel very much out of it. Gradually the street becomes deserted. There are entire rows of houses with blinds pulled down and shutters closed. The heat is intense. You mope in your room clad in some old affair—it doesn't matter what—and when Jack or Tom or Fred comes home tired from the day's work you talk about the thermometer and the evils of having to stay in town when every one else has gone.

That's where you make the mistake of your life.

The city is not half a bad place in the summer. It is far better than many summer resorts. Your friends write of the beautiful scenery, but they don't tell you of the hot nights they spend in their little cooped up rooms. They dilate on the music at the hotel and the dances, but they don't mention that the men are so scarce that the women have to waltz with each other. Neither is there a word about the backbiting, the snobbishness, the eternal

A REFRESHING WELCOME.

and tiresome dress parade and their loneliness for their own men folk hard at work (?) in the hot city.

If you will play being at a summer resort, you will have more fun than they. Your husband will rise up and call you blessed, and the other men, when they hear of it, will fall over one another in their eagerness to get invitations to your house. If you have a pretty daughter—well, more than one girl has met her fate by staying right at home in the hot city instead of wasting her smiles in a manless summer resort.

Take up your expensive rugs and put away your heavy furniture. Shade the windows with striped awnings. Scatter potted flowers and cool, green palms wherever it is possible. Have plenty of light literature around and deep wicker chairs with linen cushions. Make the evening meal attractive with a bunch of flowers and serve plenty of iced things. Furnish the veranda with easy chairs and little tables, so that the men can lounge and smoke there. If you haven't a veranda, the roof may be turned into a delightful spot by means of an awning and a few Japanese lanterns. Become proficient in mixing cooling drinks and don't scorn an acquaintance with ragtime melodies. Above all, look cool and dainty yourself in pretty muslins, such as you would wear if you were away from home. If you follow this plan, I don't think you will find your summer in town a failure. MAUD ROBINSON.

The Power of Etiquette.

A good story comes from Washington. It seems that there is sometimes a difficulty at official and diplomatic dinners in determining who should rise and break up the entertainment.

When Dom Pedro, then emperor of Brazil, was entertained at the White House, he was informed by some well meaning but muddle headed senator that he would be the last of the guests to depart.

The president's wife, on the other hand, told her other guests that the emperor would depart first and no one would leave till after the royal party had gone.

The result was that no one ventured to go for fear of a breach of etiquette. At last, at 3 o'clock in the morning, some poor, tired woman pretended illness, and thus the deadlock was broken.

A beautiful woman with the qualities of a noble man is the most perfect thing in nature.—La Bruyere.

Germany's Human Mole

Strangest Of Murderers, Who Dug Tunnels With His Hands

Germany's most brutal murderer, Johann Bobbe, known as the "Human Mole," blew out his brains the other day just as the officers were about to seize him for his latest crime, the murder of a woman and two children.

Bobbe invariably reached his victims by tunneling through the earth like a mole. No skeleton keys or burglar's tools were necessary for this curious criminal, before whom no house could be effectually sealed, no victim shielded. In a day's time Bobbe could dig his way into the cellar of any house he chose to enter. A thin, weak looking fellow, his hands and arms were abnormally developed and his finger nails, thick and heavy, protruded clawlike from his hands.

After leaving the penitentiary 13 months ago, where he had been incarcerated for one of his many crimes, the mole murderer engaged in business as an insurance agent, reckoning that this capacity would open to him the doors of many private houses and would bring him into contact with people of means. His business—that is, the honest part of it—prospered beyond expectation, according to statements of the murderer's wife, yet this was powerless to dissuade him from his real purpose in life, crime. He was looking for victims. He found them three months ago in the persons of a man named Hemmling and a woman, Frau Stager, the latter a widow with two children.

Hemmling was the owner of a big farm in the center of the village of Mariendorf, a prosperous Berlin suburb.

The man trap was constructed in the southern wing of the Hemmling homestead in Mariendorf, a long brick building standing amidst fields, some ten miles' walk from the nearest house. Frau Stager had leased the southern wing for a dwelling, subletting one room on the ground floor to Bobbe.

One afternoon a few weeks ago Hemmling was seen running down the village street with blood streaming from his head and out of a wound in his back. He was taken to a physician and meeting a policeman on the way told him that Bobbe had shot him when he went to his room to inquire of the whereabouts of Mrs. Hemmling. Bobbe had discharged his revolver twice before he (Hemmling) could gain the door. The policeman thereupon ran toward the starting point of the horse cars going to Berlin, and as he expected found Bobbe, who was about to depart. When the police placed him under arrest, the would be assassin wrenched himself free, placed a revolver at his forehead and fired. He died instantly.

The policeman then went back to the Hemmling homestead and helped the members in their search for Mrs. Hemmling, who had not been seen since 11 o'clock in the morning. At the same time mounted gendarmes rode off in different directions to arrest Mrs. Stager. The latter was finally located coming from Berlin. She seemed unable to clear up the Hemmling mystery, but rather deepened it by making inquiries for her two little boys. Several people had seen them returning from school, but there was no trace of the little ones after that.

At last it was suggested that the children, hearing the shots, might have taken refuge under the roof, but this

SUICIDE OF THE MOLE.

hope, like the rest, proved futile. Then the policeman summoned all present to Bobbe's room in order to take down their testimony. The apartment was reeking with the odor of blood, but there was also a strong smell of fresh earth. Some thought the odor was caused by the prevailing rain, but others discovered a number of sacks filled with soil under the bed and other furniture. While the people were yet speculating on their queer find the village blacksmith noticed that the iron plate in front of the stove bent in the center under footsteps. He got on his hands and knees to examine that part of the floor and to his utmost astonishment found that the plate moved on hinges. A spade was procured, and the trapdoor—for such it proved to be—was carefully opened.

They saw the mouth of a tunnel five feet deep and four and a half feet broad leading toward the yard, in the center of which was a manure heap peculiar to German farms. The fore part of this dugout was almost filled to the top with bodies.

The youngest son of Frau Stager lay on top, his dead hand clutching the hair of a larger body, that of Mrs. Hemmling. The latter was entirely nude. It was found to be pierced through and through by a two edged soldier's bayonet fast in the ground. The pike had gone through the middle of the body, causing immense loss of blood.

The body of the elder Stager boy was lying under that of Mrs. Hemmling. It

HOW THE TRAP WORKED.

had evidently been thrown into the trap before life was fully extinct, for in his death agony the poor child had clutched the earth with both hands.

The woman's body showed seven shot wounds, four of which were fatal. Bobbe seems to have persuaded her to step on the trapdoor, which precipitated her into the depth below. While she was writhing in agony the boys returned from school, probably one after another, as children are likely to do, and as, unfortunately, they were witnesses of the first crime Bobbe resolved to murder them also. The youngest, the first to arrive, it seems, preceded his brother in death by a few moments. He was thrown first and stunned by a shot through the neck. The second boy met the same fate as he stepped into the room.

Bobbe seems to have closed the trapdoor after this act, thus covering up all outward traces of his crime for the time being. Then he sat down to await the coming of Hemmling, who was sure to drop in to inquire for his wife if she didn't turn up after some time. This calculation proved correct. Hemmling came and was invited to a cup of coffee. While drinking Bobbe cried, "Look at the ceiling; it's raining through."

While Hemmling looked up Bobbe fired at him twice from behind, a bullet grazing the back of his head. The frightened man started to run, but before he could reach the door he got a bullet in his side.

An engineer who surveyed the tunnel where the bodies were found for the state's attorney reported that the work of digging and bracing showed great skill and perseverance. He said five men, provided with proper implements, could not duplicate the work in three weeks' time, yet the "mole" murderer performed it during his off hours with his bare hands during the three months he spent on the farm at irregular intervals.

The crime for which Bobbe had been sent to prison eight years before was the attempted murder of a postman.

In the spring of 1889 Johann Bobbe opened a cigar store in the house 73 Birkenstrasse, Berlin.

Then he set to work to construct a man trap. He took up part of the floor of his shop and covered the opening, which was just large enough to admit the figure of a portly man, with a board that moved on hinges and could be sprung at will from behind the counter. Exactly under this trap he dug a hole in the cellar and at the bottom made fast several two edged broadswords. His idea was to entrap and kill on some opportune occasion rich customers or express messengers carrying large amounts of money who might drop in at the store to buy a cigar.

There was a postoffice in the neighborhood of Bobbe's store, and in Germany the postal authorities pay money orders by carriers who go from house to house delivering money in cash as well as letters containing large and small sums. The human mole addressed a money order calling for several marks to himself one evening, calculating that the carrier would deliver the cash between 8 and 9 next morning—that is, before he had occasion to visit many other customers of the postoffice.

To pay out the money the messenger would be required to stop before a certain desk placed alongside the trapdoor. This latter Bobbe meant to suddenly lower, or "spring," precipitating the official into the sword spiked excavation below. But this fine plan miscarried for the reason that on the morning when he was to be murdered the letter carrier appeared in company with several customers. Bobbe tried again, but every time he had the carrier in his power something happened that prevented him from springing the trap.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?

Publicly Express Your Own Sentiments

OF RIVERSIDE PARK

Mayor Thompson Favors it—The Subject Should Not be Dropped Now

There appears to be considerable quiet talk going on among Ypsilanti citizens relative to the park project. All seem agreed, in fact how could it be otherwise, that a park ought to be made on the river flats between the Congress street and Cross street bridges. It requires only a glance at this property to convince the most skeptical that here is a fine opportunity to make a beautiful park which, if once made, will be a delight to our people forever thereafter. No other use to which this land could be put would return to the people so much of satisfaction and pelasure. The situation is such, too, that it would not require a very large expenditure to put it in fine shape.

Much of this ground is owned by prominent and wealthy people who can well afford to do something for the city in this line. What better way could be found to perpetuate their names and memories than by aiding a cause which will give pleasure in all the years to come to not a few but all the people. Then, too, the city government will undoubtedly take the matter in hand just as soon as the people indicate a strong enough desire that they want a park made there. The mayor, who is a heavy taxpayer, is committed to the cause and the council undoubtedly would gladly take it up if the people will only indicate their wishes in the matter. A reasonable sum of public money could not be more properly expended than to spend it in making a park along this river front. The Argus would be glad to give space to any citizen who has a word to say on this subject. Send in your ideas on this matter. Make your communications pointed and short and many so that it may be made clear what the wishes of the people are. While you are thinking on this subject do it publicly so the people may know your sentiments.

ROTTEN SERVICE IN DETROIT ALSO

Apparently Detroit is our fellow-sufferr in the matter of telephone service. The Evening News designated it is rotten beyond compare and the suggestion was made in last night's issue that subscribers there take the same action that certain subscribers did here—refuse to pay rentals. Ypsilanti, however, is living in hopes of having something bettter. Heretofore promises here have meant no more than they seem to have meant in Detroit, but now there are evidences that a change is near—at least the new switch-board is going in. It won't be in by the time promised, but inasmuch as there is ocular evidence that there is an intention of having it put in probably the people will be willing to wait another month for good service, if need be.

DENTONS FOUND FISHER VERY EASY

The Denton ball club club turned the tables on the Wayne Stars last Saturday when they defeated that team by the score of 17 to 9. This game was the third of the series, each team having previously won one, and it was naturally very exciting. Phillips pitched the first five innings for Wayne and was then relieved by Fisher, their crack pitcher. The Denton boys had a regular picnic with him, batting him all over the lot and making him look like 30 cents. Schlicht pitched a very steady game for Denton and kept the Wayne boys guessing most of the time. For Denton, Shankland led with the stick, making four safe drives, three of them being two-baggers. Knaggs and Gerick were very handy in the field and pulled down some very difficult flies.

Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Denton	2	3	1	0	1	2	3	0	5—17
Wayne	1	0	2	0	2	0	1	3	0— 9

Batteries: Denton—Schlicht and Smith. Wayne—Phillips, Fisher and Snyder. Umpire, Gunn.

Get two dollars' worth for one by paying your subscription to the Sentinel-Commercial in advance and securing one of the fine new maps of Michigan and the world free.

STATE HOLINESS CAMPMEETING

Eaton Rapids, July 23rd to Aug. 3rd.

An excursion rate of one first-class limited fare for the round trip is authorized for the above occasion to Eaton Rapids, and return. Tickets will be on sale July 22 to 30, inclusive, and on Aug. 3, good returning to Aug. 4, inclusive.

30 B. M. DAMON, Agent.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

'SQUIRE CHILDS DECIDES TWO CASES

Justice Childs gave his decision Monday in the two cases which he took under advisement last week. In the case of Kolp vs. Laflin he gave Kolp all he claimed, $16.41. Kolp sued Laflin for wages which he claimed were due him. Laflin claimed an offset and that consequently Kolp owed him $10.

In the case of Fletcher vs. Russell, the judgment was no cause for action. Mrs. Eva Fletcher sued J. F. Russell, who was a tenant holding a lease from the person holding a life lease in a certain farm. She claimed damages for certain changes Russell had made in the barns by authority of the one holding the life tenure of the property. Mrs. Fletcher, to whom the property will ultimately belong, also asked damages for certain pear trees, grape vines and berry bushes which Russell had removed and replanted. Russell claimed the trees, with one exception, were dead and that the vines and bushes were also dead and he removed them for that reason. According to the decision there was no cause for Mrs. Fletcher to bring action, the things which had been done being within the province of the life tenant to order done.

FORMERLY LIVED IN YPSILANT

Mrs. Mary Ann Chipman, aged 78 years, widow of Amos Burrell Chipman, who died three years ago, died at her home on West Main street, at 10 o'clock Sunday morning, of a general breaking down of health. For a year she had been confined to her room, and for the past three years had been declining in health.

Mrs. Chipman was one of the pioneers of Owosso, coming here from Ypsilanti in 1840, making her home for a year with her sister. She was born in Oneida County, N. Y., her maiden name being Pratt. The family came to Ypsilanti when she was a young girl. In 1841 she was married to Mr. Chipman, at a time when Owosso was a wilderness and the population consisted of but a very few families. Mr. and Mrs. Chipman lived for ten years in the old Lewis house, a landmark at the corner of Water and Williams streets.

She is survived by a daughter, Mrs. J. S. Hoyt, with whom she resided, and a number of grandchildren, and by an aged sister, Mrs. Harriet Bird, of Ypsilanti. Many of the old people of Owosso mourn the death of a life-long friend.—Owosso Argus.

WANT TO TELL IT.

Many Enthusiastic Detroit Citizens Want to Make It Public.

There is something in it when people want to talk about it. Publicity of a good thing is good for the people. Gratitude promotes publicity. Enthusiastic citizens are talking, telling neighbors, telling friends, removing the stumbling block of doubt, and so the work goes on. Home endorsements are giving confidence. When you see friends on the streets well and hearty whom you know have been sick for years, naturally you will ask who or what cured them. Here is what Mrs. W. J. Oster, 22 Portland avenue, Detroit, has to say: "For several years I suffered with prolapsus of the uterus. Our physicians treated me for kidney trouble and everything else but the right thing. I grew worse and worse, my body was emaciated, and feet clammy and cold, stomach weak, with great palpitation of the heart. I would suffer with neurou all night. I commenced taking Lansfield's Female Tonic, and I began to improve right away. I have taken three bottles and now I am very nearly well and am very happy and thankful to you. I know several women that Lansfield's Female Tonic has cured when all other means failed.

Lansfield's Female Tonic will permanently cure ulceration, painful menstruation, falling of the womb, ovarian tumors, uterine flooding, cancer of the womb, ovarian dropsy, change of life, nervous prostration, and female weaknesses. This tonic is for female diseases only. It is no cure all. Where there are any blood or liver troubles you should use Lansfield's Liver, Blood and Kidney Cure. Lansfield's Female Tonic has cured women when operations and local treatments failed. Correspondence solicited, strictly confidential and promptly answered. The above medicine can be had from H. R. Lansfield, 128 Lafayette avenue, Detroit. If you are in ill health and wonder why, and your physician cannot cure you, send for a bottle of Lansfield's Female Tonic and correct some disorder of the female organs, and see how quick you feel better.

WANTED AT ONCE—Situation by 15-year-old girl to do house work in good family. Apply Y. W. C. A. 81

Summer Compliments.

Elephant—What an elegant throat you have for a cool drink!

Giraffe—Yes, it is grand; but, say, I wish I had a skin with a nice, breezy fit, like yours.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Subscribe for the Sentinel-Commercial and get a fine map of Michigan and the world free.

SHOEMAKER ASKS FOR MORE TIME

The examination of Horsethief Fred Shoemaker for stealing a horse and buggy belonging to Dr. D. W. Nolan was started yesterday.

During its progress quite a dramatic scene was enacted. Frank Healy was on the stand and had identified Shoemaker as the man who hired the rig when up jumped the horsethief and, shaking his fist in Healy's face, yelled in a rage:

"What do you mean? You're lying. You know you're lying. You're trying to swear my life away."

"Knock him down, Frank," said Dr. Nolan. "I will if he does that to me."

"I will if he comes that again," said Healy.

In the meantime Justice Gibson Prosecutor Duffy and Attorney Cavanaugh had succeeded in quieting Shoemaker. When the adjournment at noon was taken, Dr. Nolan declared if they would let him in a room with Shoemaker for about ten minutes there would be no more need of any justices, prosecutors or lawyers to tend to the case.

NOLAN IDENTIFIES HIM.

Dr. Nolan's testimony was substantially as follows: "On December 19 last, I was out in the country on a professional call and as I was coming in I recognized this man as a driver of one of my horses. The horse was known as Nell. When I reached the stable I asked one of the boys who had Nellie. They said a gentleman came and got her to go to Saline to get a girl. Said he gave his name as Hogan. When I returned the next day the horse had not come back. I became alarmed. I have not seen the mare since. Her value was about $100."

Cross-examination: "It was about half past one that I saw him, as I was coming in. It was within that hour. He was coming toward me and I had a good chance to recognize him. It was quite a cold day—not real cold, but the man had on an overcoat and the side curtains were up. He had no whiskers, but a mustache. I recognize him by his appearance. He had a peculiar stoop and I saw him here and in the jail and recognized him as the man. I am positive he is the man. This man did not have on a stiff hat. it was a faded brown."

Frank Healey was the next witness. He swore substantially as follows:

"I was in the employ of Dr. D. W. Nolan. On or about Dec. 19 I saw the defendant under these circumstances. He came to the barn and wanted to get a rig to go to Saline to get a girl. It was about 12 or 1 o'clock. I gave him a rig. I have never seen the rig since. I had a good opportunity to see him at the barn. I am positive he is the same man. He had no beard then, but has one now. I recognize his voice. I would recognize it through the 'phone."

Cross-examination: "He had a cheap ulster and a brown Fedora hat. I never talked over the identity of Shoemaker to Dr. Nolan."

SHOEMAKER DENIES IT.

Then Shoemaker went on the stand in his own defense. Said he: "I never saw this man Healy. I was not in Ann Arbor in December, 1900. I was at 45 Abbey street, Cleveland, Ohio. I did not hire a rig from Dr. Nolan, nor did I ever hire a rig in my life either at Ann Arbor or any other place. I never had an ulster coat in my life."

Cross-examination: "I drove through Ann Arbor about six years ago, while living in the city of Toledo and put up at a barn below the jail. That was the only time I ever was in the county for 25 or 30 years. I went to school here in Ann Arbor about two months. I do not know when it was or who my teacher was, but it was in the high school. I don't know who were in the class. I was living at Hickory Ridge. I do not know the house where I lived. All I remember was it was in Ann Arbor. I was arrested in Cleveland last spring for assault and battery by some stranger. I got bail. I appeared in court but did not hear my case called and was taken on an attachment. I paid $25 and costs amounting to $43. Aside from that I was never arrested before. I now own and wear a brown hat, but never owned or wore one before."

Shoemaker desires to put in some additional testimony and an adjournment was taken until Aug. 6. His bail was fixed at $1,000.

GEORGE BARKER AS "PETE DUNN"

George Barker, city editor of the Traverse City Eagle, formerly the advertising manager of the Times and later city editor of the Weekly Argus, has written the following witty article entitled, "Mr. Hooley Visits a Summer Resort":

"I've just got back from a varry foine ratortin' trip to Mackinaw," said Mr. Hooley, as he extended his noble fist to his friend, Mr. Hennessy. "I don't know that you nothiced, Mr. Hennessy, that I was gone, but I was. I stayed as long as a hundred dollar bill would last an' that's th' rayson I'm back so soon.

"My wife says to me th' other day, 'Mr. Hooley, do you raymimber th' time we was married?' I don't know as I have any cause to forget it,' says I. 'An,' says she, 'you took me to Niagara Fhalls on th' weddin' thrip?' says she. 'I have no cause to forgit that either,' says I, raymimberin' th' hackmen an' th' hothel clerk. 'Do you know,' says she, 'Michael is comin' tin this fall an' that, Mr. Hooley, was th' last time we've been annywhere except to Charlevoix or Elk Raphids of a Sunday?' She'd set her heart on it, Mr. Hennessy, an' she's a foine woman. 'Pack up a chicken, Mrs. Hooley, an' buy me a new neck-tie an' a shir-rt waist,' says I. She did th' same. Last week Sathurday th' pharade started from th' Hooley mansion. We wint to Mackinaw. It's a foine place, Mr. Hennssy. It ought to be. It costs you wan to thake your breath an' two to let it out. The scenery is that foine that it hakes two dollars to 'ook at a scene near by an' four if ye thake in th' perspective. I looked at thim close range an' let th' perspective go until nixt time. Mrs. Hooley says, 'let's do it brown, an' shtop at th' big hotel on th' bluff.'

"I nivver knew, Mr. Hennessy, Mrs. Hooley had that manny pretty things as she brought forth from somewhere an' phut on her nobul frame. You'd a thought I'd made my monny in pork. 'Th' leddies all think I'm from Chicago,' says she at the ind of th' fir-rst day. She was that stoylish I asked a man that night on th' big verhanda who she was as she wint sweepin' by with a leddy in a feather duster aroun her neck. 'Ain't she a stunner,' says he, 'they say her husband owns a railroad in Alasky an' a gold mine in Colhoratho. She wears thim well,' says he. 'Have a cigar,' says I.

"At th' ind of th' sicind day Mrs. Hooley says, 'I feel, Mr. Hooley, as if I was barn an' brought up to it.' 'It's th' aysiest thing in the wurruld, Mrs. Hooley,' says I. 'I've bought four electhric lines in Ohio today an' am runnin' for conghress in Idaho.'

"Ot th' ind of th' third day Mrs. Hooley was just on her way home from Europe an' I was goin' to Guam on th' nixt thrain as a spacial raprasintitive of th' governmint. That evenin' th' governir of Illinois asked her for th' two-sthep.

"Th' nixt night it was more of it. Would Mr. and Mrs. D'Hooley lead th' german? 'It's me wife that does th' dancin' for both of us,' says I. 'oG on,' says I, 'an' lead the german with the honorabul senathor from North Dakota,' says I. 'You know, Mr. D'Hooley,' says she in her sweetest axcints, 'that I haven't danced th' german in years,' which was varry thrue, Mr. Hennessy. I nivir saw her exircise such grate diplomacy. 'Let th' young paypul injoy thimselves,' says she to the senathor of North Dakota, 'while you tell me in th' prisince of my husband how th' crops are comin' on in your wondherful state.' Th' senathor of North Dakota was that taken that he sat with her for a full hour an' thold of art at Pierre an' how if it wasn't th' potato bugs it was th' drought.

At th' ind of th' fifth day as I was ramovin' th' third shirt-rt waist in my rephertoire, I says, 'Mrs. Hooley, we leave here tomorrow. Th' wan hundhred is gone.' 'It's just me luck,' says she, 'tomorrow I was to be th' Dootchess of Argyle. But thin, Michael, you have bin that good, an' afther all I yearn for th' dhuties of me domesthic life. I bet a dollar we forgot to put tn' barrel undher th' eaves an' we've had a beautiful rain, an' I want to see Jamie that bad I could cry.'

"'It 'tis had to break away,' says I "just as my yacht was comin' for us nixt wake Tuesday, an' I was ixpictin' Pierpont Morgan on th' nixt thrain.'

"But we've had a beauttiful time,' says Mrs. Hooley, 'an' it's no ramarkhabul dischovery I've made.'

"'An' that was what?' says I.

"That a hundhred rightly spint for six days is as good as a million for life for th' time being', says she. 'On furthermore,' says she, 'it would be aysier to be the Dootchess of Argyle than it it ise to be plain Mrs. Hooley with th' cherries to can whin I git home.'"

YPSILANTI TOWN.

The Misses Grace Crittenden and Lottie Voorhees started for Buffalo Tuesday night. They joined a party from Chicago including an uncle and cousin of Miss Crittenden.

Jason Cross and Miss Emma attended the bicentennial in Detroit last week.

The King's Daughters held their annual picnic on Miss Waterbury's lawn Thursday afternoon. About 70 were present.

The Eaton families entertained last week a party of cousins from Pennsylvania, five in number, and also Mrs. Glen Fenwick and Mrs. Lora McCullough of Detroit.

W. W. Voorheis went to Detroit Friday.

The wind storm that passed through this section Sunday afternoon did considerable damage. It overturned the larger portion of Messrs. Voorheis, Eaton, Barlowh, Yeckley and Owen's orchards, besides some valuable shade trees. Mr. Voorheis had his tool house set off its foundation and a shed blown down, demolishing three carriages, a wagon, etc. Barlow lost two pillars from his side porch, a haystack, some fencing and nearly all of his archard, and Hiram Eaton was seen immediately on the street minus his chin whiskers.

Miss Alice Fell, who has been visiting friends in this vicinity, left for Detroit Saturday. Monday night, in company with her sister, Minnie Fell, and Louise Sherwood she will take the boat for Buffalo, enroute for Pittsburg to join her parents in their new home.

Wanted for Big Burglary.

St. Joseph, Mich., July 31.—John Martin, arrested a few days ago on a charge of attempting to burglarize a farm house in Sodus, Mich., has been identified as the man wanted for a big burglary in Muskegon. It is alleged that he robbed several houses. Sheriff Clinton left with the prisoner for Muskegon.

NOTHING DEFINITE

FROM THE EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING OF STEEL WORKERS.

FEELING OF UNEASINESS PERVADES THE AIR IN PITTSBURG.

"NOTHING TO GIVE TO THE PUBLIC," SAID THE OFFICERS.

Pittsburg, Pa., July 31.—Disappointment and apprehension pervade the air of Pittsburg because of the failure of the executive board of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel & Tin-Workers to ratify the peace proposals arranged at the conference in New York last Saturday between the national officials of the association and Messrs. Morgan, Schwab and Gary, representing the United States Steel Corporation. When the conference opened yesterday morning it was confidently expected that an agreement would be reached in a short time, but after a session lasting from 9:30 a. m. until 6:30 p. m., the meeting adjourned without arriving at any conclusion, so far as known, to meet again this morning.

The protracted session indicates that the board is not satisfied with the provisions of the compromise measures, and unless some modifications are made its ratification is doubtful. The opening of union mills to non-union workmen is the point on which it is believed the board hesitates to accept, and the long distance telephone between New York and get a modification of this clause. The ge7t a modification of this clause. The workmen hold that this would give the mill owners full opportunity of crushing the union without a strike by finding excuses to discharge union men and then fill their places with non-unionists. Another rock of dissension is said to be the retention in their present jobs of men who worked as "strike breakers" at the various mills during the strike. It is said these men have been promised the protection of the manufacturers in case of a settlement, and that they will not concede their dismissal at the request of the organization. The workers, it is said, are willing to declare mills now working non-union open mills, but strenuously object to having all the mills of the combine classified as open mills.

All is, however, conjecture, as it is impossible to get any definite statement from any of the parties interested concerning the day's conference. When the board dispersed at 6:30, every member was waylaid by persistent newspaper men seeking information, but every question was answered by the stereotyped phrase, "We can say nothing. There is absolutely nothing to give to the public at this time."

At the close of the day's session the members of the board slipped away one by one to their respective homes, until no one was left at headquarters but President Shaffer and Secretary Williams. They at first refused to give any information, but finally President Shaffer volunteered the statement that an adjournment had been taken until today. Further than this he would say nothing and admitted that even the announcement of an adjournment was more than he should have said. Secretary Williams said matters were in such a condition that nothing could be made public.

The Jury Disagreed.

Parkersburg, W. Va., July 31.—The Ellis Glenn forgery case was brought to a close yesterday afternoon by Judge Stapleton, who dismissed the jury upon their own request and upon their statement to the court that they could not reach a verdict. Their last ballot resulted in seven for conviction and five for acquittal, and shows that their deliberations since last Saturday, when they were given charge of the case, resulted only in the winning of one juror to the side of acquittal. The case was one of the most sensational in the criminal history of West Virginia and cost the state thousands of dollars.

For Killing His Father.

Ozark, Ark., July 31.—To await the decision of the grand jury, Charles Hunter, aged 21, was lodged in jail here for the killing of his father, O. S. Hunter, at Branch, 20 miles south of here. Young Hunter had a difficulty with his brother-in-law, Frank Russell. Hunter's father interfered and young Hunter pulled a knife, cutting his father in the abdomen, killing him and inflicting perhaps fatal wounds on Russell.

American vs. German.

Duluth, Minn., July 31.—Information was received in Duluth that Adolph Hartman, son of Emil Hartman of this city, has just fought a duel with swords with Lieut. Pachmann of the German army. It was a bloody encounter in which the lieutenant received a number of severe wounds, one of which severad the jugular vein. Hartman was also seriously wounded. The American was declared the victor.

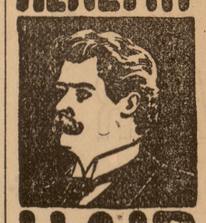
No Serious Damage Done.

Peru, Ind., July 31.—The westbound fast mail train on the Wabash collided with a bridge train near Erie, four miles west of here, last night. The trains were running at a slow rate of speed and beyond the demolishing of the pilot on the engine of the mail train no serious damage was done. Jerome Herff of Peru received a slight scalp wound.

Robert Waddell Wins Again.

Chicago, July 31.—Robert Waddell, with Bullman up, won the handicap at Hawthorne after a drive through the stretch with Ben Battle. Ural, backed from 30 down to 15 to 1, was the good thing of the day. Pyrrho, Flying Torpedo, If You Dare and Prairie Dog won the other events.

HEALTHY HAIR



A man with a thin head of hair is a marked man. But the big bald spot is not the kind of a mark most men like.

Too many men in their twenties are bald. This is absurd and all unnecessary. Healthy hair shows man's strength. To build up the hair from the roots, to prevent and to cure baldness, use—

Ayer's Hair Vigor

It always restores color to faded or gray hair. Notice that word, "always." And it cures dandruff.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"My business calls me out among strangers a great deal. I would actually feel ashamed every time I would take off my hat, my hair was so thin and the bald spots showed so plainly. I began the use of your Hair Vigor less than three months ago. Today I find I have as fine a head of hair as I ever had. I tell everybody what I used, and they say 'it must be a wonderful remedy.'" GEO. YEARL, Dec. 14, 1898. Chicago, Ill.

We have a book on The Hair and Scalp which we will send free upon request. If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor, write the Doctor about it. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

NORMAL TEAM DEFEATED CLEARY COLLEGE

The Normal summer team defeated Cleary College yesterday afternoon by 15 to 8, in a five-inning game on the Normal grounds.

The game attracted a fair-sized crowd of Normalites, who came to get a line on the few men on the team who will be in college during the winter.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	R
Normal	2	5	0	5	3	—15
Cleary	4	0	3	1	0	— 8

CASE INCREASING IN MAGNITUDE

The Young "perpetual injunction" case, like a snowball, increases in magnitude as it progresses. Charles Young swore out a warrant last evening for the arrest of Kilpatrick on the charge of using profane language in the presence of women, which makes three suits from one meeting of Young and Kilpatrick on the street.

STORAGE, CARTING, PACKING.

We offer storage for household goods, pianos, stoves, etc., also do packing and carting on short notice and in the best manner.

CITY STORAGE CO.,
Offices—44 Cross st.,
tf 29 Congress st.

Real Estate for Sale.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss.

In the matter of the estate of John Geis, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned George Wimire, administrator of the estate of said John Geis, deceased, by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Washtenaw, on the 7th day of Juue, A. D. 1901, there will be sold at public vendue to the highest bidder, at the late residence of said deceased, on Cross street east extended in the township of Ypsilanti, in the County of Washtenaw, in said state, on Thursday, the 15th day of August, A. D. 1901, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day of the followingdescribed real estate, to-wit:

1st. Commencing two rods south of the quarter stake on north side of section ten, town three, south of range seven, east and running thence south on the quarter line of said section twelve rods; thence west parallel with the line of said section eight rods; thence north and parallel with the first mentioned line twelve rods; thence east eight rods to the place of beginning; this is intended to convey two lots 4 rods by 12 rods each on Cross street, extended east.

2nd Commencing on the north and south quarter line of section ten, aforesaid and fourteen rods south of the quarter stake on the north side of said section; thence south on said quarter line to land formerly owned by John Bice; thence west along the north line of said Bice land to the east line of land sold to Joseph Walker by John Gilbert; thence north along the east line of said Walker land to the south line of an alley; thence east along the south line of said alley to a point in range of the west line of the above described land; thence north past the east end of said alley one rod to southwest corner of said above described land; thence east along the south line of above described land to place of beginning; containing two acres.

GEORGE WITMIRE,
Administrator

Commissioners Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW—The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of MinerWynn Fairfield, late of said County, deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date are allowed, by order of said Probate Court, for Creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the office of Tracy L. Towner in the City of Ypsilanti, in said County, on the 16th day of October and on the 16th day of January next, at 10 o'clock A. M. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

TRACY L. TOWNER,
ELMER C. ALLEN,
Dated, July 16th, 1901. Commissioners.